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MAYFAIR

Vol. 18 No. 9

NUDE EXCLUSIVE:

Britain's top pin-up: the sensational SIAN ADEY JONES

GINA KEER: THE NUDE WHO SET BOURNEMOUTH BUZZING

NO HOLDS BARRED: WHY WE ALL FALL FOR TELEVISION WRESTLING

OUR MANE ATTRACTION: BARBARA LAYS DOWN WITH THE LION

ROVER'S RETURN: A CLASSIC CAR RECALLED

LUSCIOUS LISA: OUR BAREST BOUTIQUE BEAUTY

ERNST UDET: THE MAN BEHIND THE STUKA

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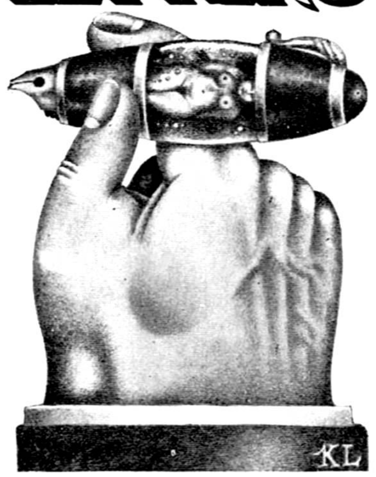
LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

As a native New Yorker currently living in and working in London, I was charmed by your recent feature on English gentlemen's clubs. It certainly threw a lot of light on the eccentricities of the English character which always amuse me.

But back home we too have our own gentlemen's clubs, and a friend of mine who belongs to the Players Club in New York told me that faced with the prickly question of whether or not to admit women, they sent to all members a ballot paper with the following choices: Yes. No. Good God, no.

A P, London W1

I found your feature on gentlemen's clubs in Vol 18 No 7 fascinating as well as hilarious, and thought other readers might be interested in hearing how Noel Coward mentioned The Athenaeum in his *Present Laughter*, in the following exchange:

'You ought never to have joined the Athenaeum Club. It's made you pompous.'

'It can't have. I've always been too frightened to go into it.'

S L, Chelsea

I am a great devotee of clubs and *Mayfair*, so I was delighted by your feature on gentlemen's clubs in Vol 18 No 7, and thought you might like to hear of two definitions for them.

A bishop once defined a club as a place, 'Where women ceased from troubling and the weary were at rest.' But I much prefer the definition put forward by that great Victorian writer and clubman, George Augustus. He said, 'A club is a weapon used by savages to keep the white woman at a distance.'

I couldn't agree with him more, because I often take refuge in my club for a night or two when I'm in the doghouse at home after my wife finds out about a little dalliance with one of the secretaries at work.

Long live gentlemen's clubs.

B C, Kensington

Gentlemen's clubs seem to provide a wealth of amusing anecdotes. If you have any stories, let's hear them.

I am French and a regular reader of *Mayfair* as I find it more exciting than the magazines produced over here.

But I would like to know why you don't show more girls without pubes. Is it because your models refuse to pose shaven, or because such photos would be censored?

If neither of these is the case, I can assure you that the occasional exposure of a really bare pussy would turn on a lot of readers.

M L, Dunkirk, France

A group of us were talking recently about how unpromising situations sometimes lead to sex.

Soon after I qualified as a teacher I had to choose between two posts offered to me. One was in a girls' boarding school with mainly lady teachers, and the other was a boys' boarding school. Knowing my strong liking for sex, I decided to give the schoolgirls and schoolmistresses a miss.

But soon after joining the boys school I developed a strong attraction for the wife of a colleague. She was tall and dark, and although rather bony and strong, had, for me, an animal sexual attraction. I felt that she was attracted to me, but for some time nothing passed between us. This was partly due to the fact that her husband was both big and jealous and I would not have wanted to get on the wrong side of him.

One morning I spotted her walking through the school in a white tennis dress. She stopped at the store cupboard where the blankets were kept, unlocked the door, and entered. After a few minutes I plucked up my courage and decided to chance my arm – not knowing in what way. When I entered she was bending over, and as the store was narrow I put my hands on her hips, said, 'Excuse me,' and took care to brush the front of my trousers firmly against her bum.

Somewhat to my surprise, the reaction was electric. She immediately pushed her rear hard into me and against my cock which was already stiff. As she stood up I slipped my hands over her breasts and she moved her bum with purpose against my flies. After a few seconds I realised the door was still partly open. I said I would close it, and without a word she handed me the key.

As soon as I had locked the door we were in a clinch, kissing each other with her rubbing against me, seemingly out of control. I suggested that we lay down on a pile of blankets, and while I was taking off my trousers she went and lay down, taking down her pants in a frenzied fashion.

Although I had experienced a number of women, I had never seen one in such an aroused and uncontrolled condition. She then spoke to me for the first time since I had entered the store, and said, 'Hurry up and get it in.' She was lying on her back with her legs open, staring at me. As I lowered myself onto her, she simply grabbed me and pulled me into herself. After a few minutes she rolled me over, sat astride, and proceeded to ride me.

I've mentioned that she was a tall, strong woman, but I have never been ridden as hard or felt anyone thrust as hard before or since. After a few minutes we came together in a fantastic climax. After that we had to proceed with great care not to be caught, and we selected a number of unusual venues, managing to meet once a week for an exhausting session.

Not only was I concerned that her husband should not find out, but I had to keep the affair secret from the seventeen year old daughter of a senior master. She was beautiful, rounded and gentle, but virtually a nymphomaniac and most urgent in her love-making. She had in fact seduced me, claiming that she was a virgin, though I doubted this because the first time we made it she climaxed like an experienced woman.

Every day when she came home from school she was ready for sex if the opportunity presented itself. Perhaps I needn't have worried about her discovering my other affair as I learned later she was not satisfied with just

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LETTERS

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me and was happily screwing a number of others.

I do not blame her because I know her well and she clearly needed and loved men, and it would have been a shame for her not to have enjoyed herself.

As you can see, what appeared to be an unpromising situation turned out to be very satisfying.

(Name and address withheld)

I thought Vol 18 No 6 was an outstanding issue, and Karen Bull in particular was stunning. She is such a lovely girl in every way, and has a most attractive personality.

Her bottom is superbly round and springy, very spankable! I would love to be 'queened' by her, and I can just imagine her full bottom gradually lowering itself onto my face. I suppose one can always dream.

Talking of bottoms reminds me of an experience I had in a massage parlour some time ago. I was given a really good massage by a pretty girl in a pink flowered dress. She was a warm, friendly girl who really enjoyed her job. Towards the end of the massage we agreed terms for extras which basically consisted of hand relief. I asked if I could put my hand up her dress. She nodded and smiled her assent, so I gratefully slid my hand up. To my utter surprise my hand grasped two full, bare bottom cheeks which were ice-cold. I gasped, 'No knickers,' to which she replied with a giggle, 'I know, isn't it exciting.' The sudden feel of her cold bottom had an electrifying effect on my prick which shot to attention, much to her amusement.

We had a most exciting few minutes as I explored her bottom, which felt gorgeous, and then slid my fingers through into her pussy, while she expertly fingered my prick. After a few minutes we both came to a simultaneously shuddering climax. That was just the first of several enjoyable visits over a couple of years. Believe me, there is nothing like the unexpected thrill of feeling a girl's cold bottom for making your member stand to attention.

S J, Merseyside

The letter on sex in hospital in a recent issue reminded me of an experience I had with a nurse, my cousin, who came to stay with us last summer. I was 18 and still a virgin.

One day my cousin, Jane (name changed) came out to sunbathe and laid down beside me. I looked down at her and could see a small wisp of dark hair showing at the side of her bikini bottom. It was the first time I'd seen a woman's pubes, and I got a real hard on.

That evening we all went to a dance and Jane looked fantastic in her tight, strapless dress which hugged her beautiful body. Her nipples poked out through the material.

We began to dance in the crowded disco, when Jane put her arms round my neck and said, 'I laid all my clothes out on my bed this evening and my bra and panties are still there. Have a look down the front of my dress. You seemed to be enjoying the view this morning.' I looked down and could see her breasts and hard pink nipples.

'I've got another surprise for you,' she said. 'Put your hand down and feel inside my dress. My pussy's aching to be nibbled.' I froze with embarrassment, but she took my hand and placed it between her legs. She was wearing just her black tights, and when I moved my fingers over her pussy it was the sexiest feeling I've ever had. I could feel her excitement soaking through the sheer nylon of her tights. And at the same time she was rubbing me through my trousers until I nearly came.

On the way home we sat in the back of the car and she deftly unbuttoned her dress up to the navel, and sat there with her pubes showing clearly through the tights. She let me rub her furtively again, but wouldn't rub me until we got home. The furthest she would go was to let me suck her nipples and finger her. It was a super experience.

(Name and address withheld)

Vol 18 No 7 was simply fantastic. The spread on Wendy Hill from Dallas was absolutely beautiful. She is so gorgeous, and what a figure, those pert breasts, and nicely rounded bottom. Any time this cowgirl wants a mount, call on me.

Joni Flynn was also stunning, and Donald Milne is so lucky having such a beautiful wife. But for me the most stunning is the lovely dark skinned Camella. What a turn on in those transparent red undies, suspender belt and white stockings that contrast so dramatically with her natural colouring.

I adore beautiful girls in sexy undies, and that is one of the reasons I buy *Mayfair*. You can always count on at least one of your girls wearing suspenders and stockings. That really turns me on.

A few years ago I had a pretty serious thing with an older woman. Karen (name changed) was 42 while I was in my early twenties. I managed to persuade her to wear stockings and suspenders, along with such erotic undies as G-strings, basques and so on.

She discovered that she was as turned on as I was, and our sex play, while her husband was on nights, was out of this world. Karen loved me to wear tiny posing pouches and jockstraps, and she would stroke me to erection through the silky material before pulling down the garment and taking me in her mouth.

A S, Hull

My girlfriend Anne (name changed) is highly-sexed. She insists that she needs suitable attention every day, and in principle I am happy to oblige, though there are problems.

As I am 20 and she is 19, we agree we are too young to marry. I live with my widowed mother who needs constant company because of her weak heart, and apart from looking after her, I am studying for a degree in accountancy in the evenings. So Anne and I can only meet early in the evening and at weekends.

Recently I couldn't see her for two days, and when we went to bed I noticed that her furrow, which normally contracts to almost virginal tightness, was gaping welcomingly open. When I joked about it she told me that she had felt so frustrated she had frigged herself.

This made me suspicious as she detests this and classes it as an unnatural practice. And looking at her face, I had the impression she had not been telling the truth. But having no evidence I kept my peace.

We were lustily active for the next few days, but then I had to tell her that again I could not see her for a while, and jokingly suggested another frigging session. In reality I meant to check up on her, so one evening I left work earlier than usual and kept a watch on her flat. Lo and behold, after half an hour Anne appeared with a friend of mine, Francis, arm in arm. I saw her draw the bedroom curtain, and the light went on. An hour later Francis emerged with a very satisfied look on his face.

The thought of her opening her legs to somebody else tormented me, but I did not want to lose Anne, who is a wonderful girl in bed and out of it. So I decided on a double stratagem.

Ever since I had ridden Anne for the first time, I had been faithful to her, in spite of temptation. A secretary in our office, Cecily (name changed) was obviously keen on me. Whenever she had the opportunity she'd climb the narrow office stairs in front of me, wearing a short, wide skirt with nothing underneath, offering me cheeky erotic views of feminity not usually

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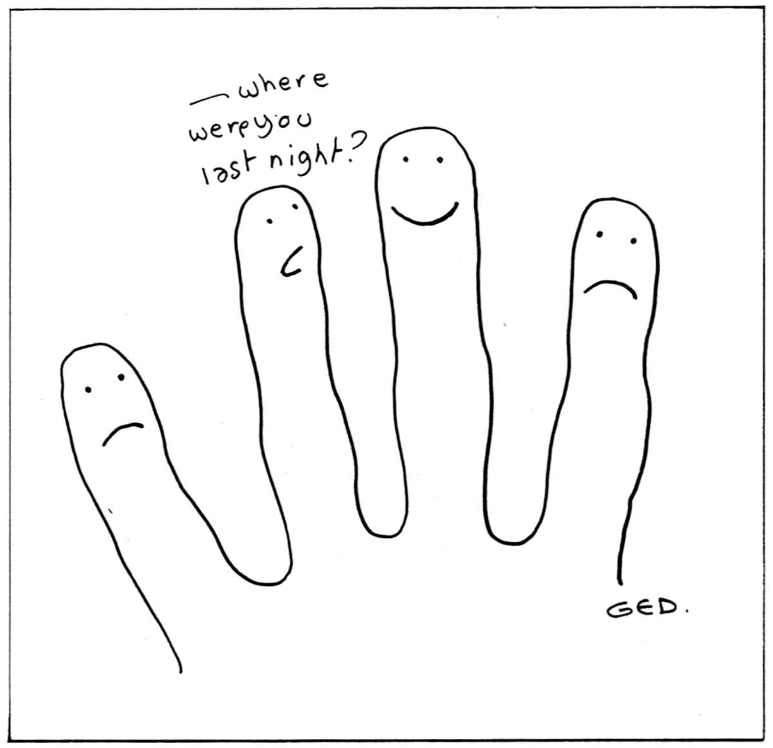
— where were you last night?
GED.

LETTERS

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displayed in public. Of course, I looked every time, but I didn't go any further.

But now I decided to get my own back on Anne. I told Cecily that a friend of mine, Francis, had recently been deserted by his girlfriend and was looking for solace. Having realised I was not available, she said she'd love to meet him.

Knowing she fancied me I said there was a fee for the introduction. She quickly caught on, once I'd made the right indication, and fellated me with little subtlety but much enthusiasm. She didn't know it, but I had to make sure.

Now for the second part of my strategy. Francis, who didn't know Anne was my girlfriend, told me he had been inside her twice. I told him about my relationship with her, and asked, 'Did she suck you?' knowing that Anne considers this unnatural and will not do it. When he said she hadn't I told him she only sucks men she really loves, or at least respects, not those who just fulfill a need.

Francis is a sensitive chap, and I knew that this invention of mine would cool his ardour. Indeed it did, and he transferred his interest to Cecily.

Now everybody is happy. Francis and Cecily are going to marry, while I am now the sole recipient of Anne's favour and fervour.

Should I give up accountancy and become a politician?

(Name and address withheld)

No. You've got the hard-nosed drive and the smooth vocabulary. But you seem too keen to lose your deposit.

Congratulations, *Mayfair* has done it again. Roy Brewington's photographs of the stunning Camella Thomas are quite superb.

You say in the Scene column that she has the most magnificent breasts you have featured since she appeared first in Vol 13 No 10. But if anything, this must be an understatement.

Camella's breasts are the most beautiful I have ever clapped eyes on, and I reckon myself to be something of an expert when it comes to full-breasted girls.

By a bit of judicious measuring and scaling up, I reckon her superb areolae are around three inches in diameter which must be almost a record. Incidentally I have treasured the first set of photographs of Camella since they were published in Vol 13 No 10 and frequently gaze at them in frank admiration. But these latest shots put the earlier ones totally in the shade as far as I am concerned.

J S, Leeds

What a marvellous treat to see the incredible Camella again in Vol 18 No 7. I have been a regular reader since 1968 and in all that time she has been one girl who stood out in my memory more than most, ever since the first appearance.

Those luscious boobs with their astonishing jet black nipples never cease to excite me, and when I opened the latest issue and saw her again, I was thrilled and delighted. Five years on she seems even more beautiful, her body even more sensational – the perfect vision of a black goddess.

A C, Cornwall

As an avid worshipper of naked negroid fanny, I'd like to say how much I appreciated the return of Camella Thomas to your pages in Vol 18 No. 7. I can't remember the last time any men's magazine displayed such a lovely collection of chocolate pulchritude, and I can only drool in wonder at the sight of those lovely breasts, that gorgeous bum and those bristly pubes. There are a great many like myself who prefer the sight of a nice little black bum or coffee-coloured boobs. I also think black girls are sexually more eager than their white sisters. Would it be too much to ask that you make a point of featuring more black girls in future? And can I make a special plea for an appearance by the fabulous Gillian de Terville. I've been following her progress through the pages of *The Sun* and the *Star* for some time now and have fallen head over heels in love with her.

F McCormick, Cheshire

Black girls more eager? First we've heard of it, and it sounds too much of a generalisation. We're prepared to listen to views or experiences.

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

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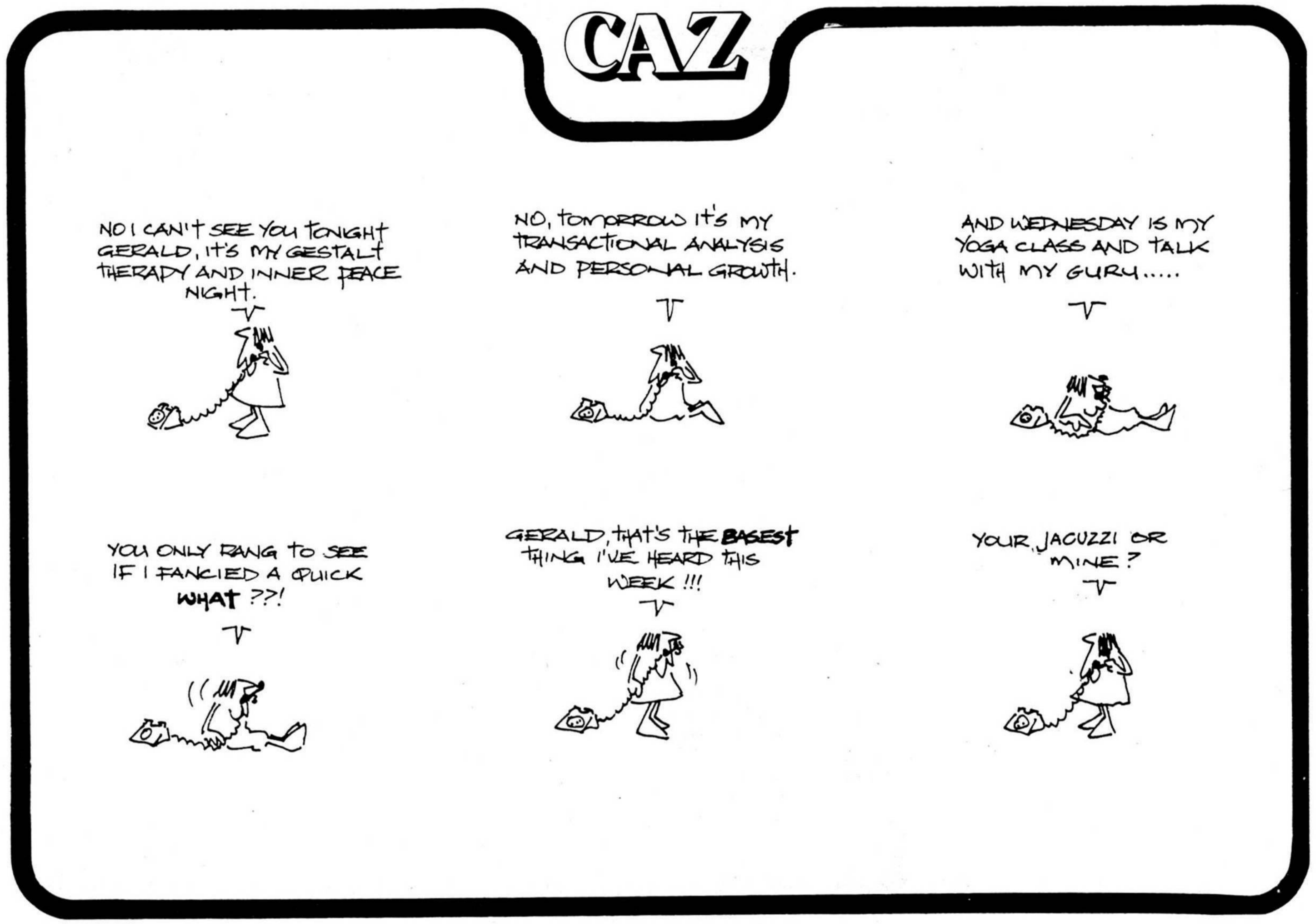
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NO, TOMORROW IT'S MY TRANSACTIONAL ANALYSIS AND PERSONAL GROWTH.
AND WEDNESDAY IS MY YOGA CLASS AND TALK WITH MY GURU.....
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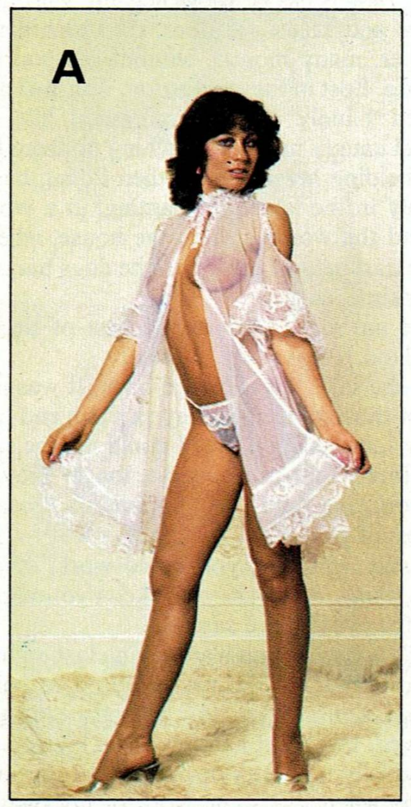

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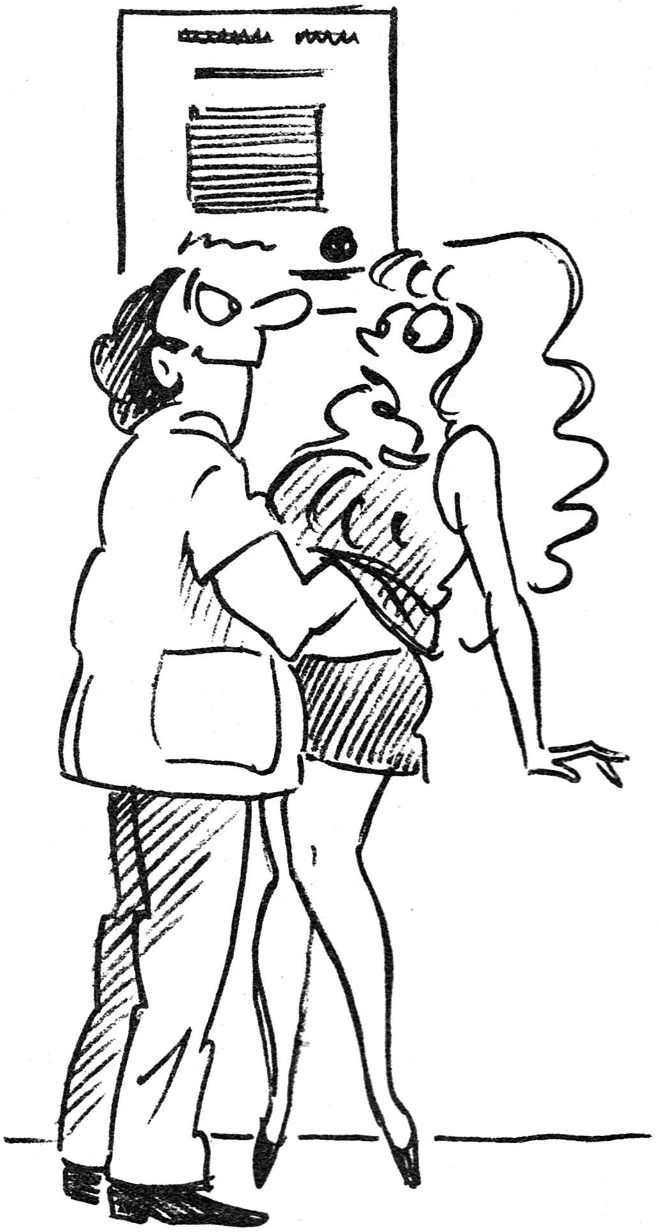
Beauty and the Beast

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Never let it be said that a model's life consists of lazing in the lap of luxury where the greatest problem facing her is choosing which shade of lipstick to use. If you don't believe us, just ask 20-year-old Barbara Castle. Barbara was originally a hairdresser, but with her sexy 36-22-36 figure friends persuaded her that she had a career in modelling. 'I love the work, but I honestly did not expect to have to appear with a real live lion. To tell the truth I'm not even keen on pussy cats, but I'm game for anything so I decided to try it.'

Even big cats which have been raised in captivity from birth can never be fully trained as can be seen from the respect with which they are treated by the lion tamers. But this magnificent creature can only be considered 'tamed' in so far as he doesn't have to hunt for and kill his food in the safari park where he lives. Not only does it take great courage to appear with him, but when one considers that Barbara was extra-vulnerable because of her nakedness, one can appreciate her bravery in actually managing to look glamorous at the same time. 'I was very nervous underneath, but the lion had just been fed and I don't think he had any appetite left for me as a snack.'



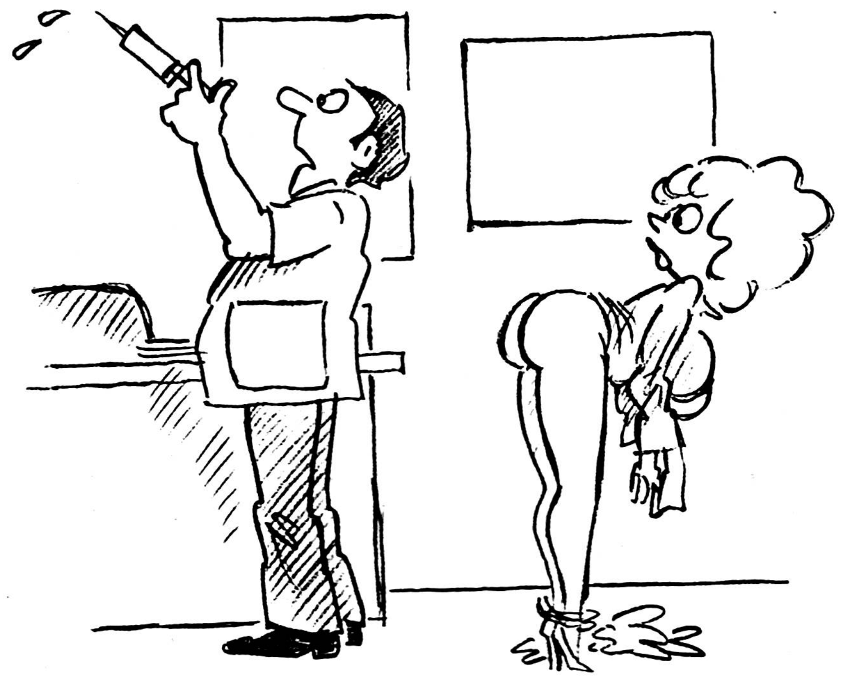
'I thought that osteopaths only manipulated bones.'

What's up Doc?

Patients are a virtue. But doctors must often
wish it was otherwise. Especially, surmises Roy Nixon,
when the patients are young and voluptuous

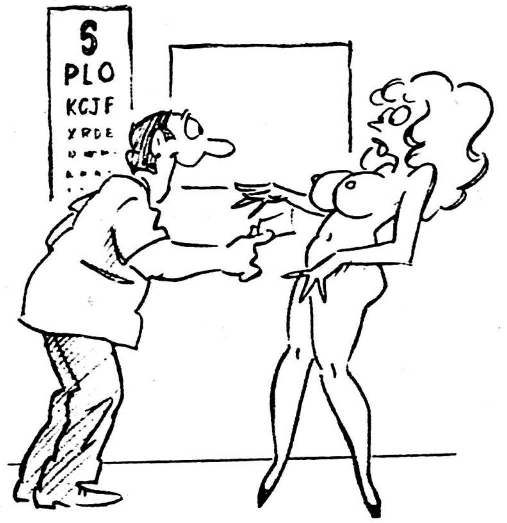
THE SEXIEST SHOW IN TOWN

'Is there a gynaecologist in the audience?'



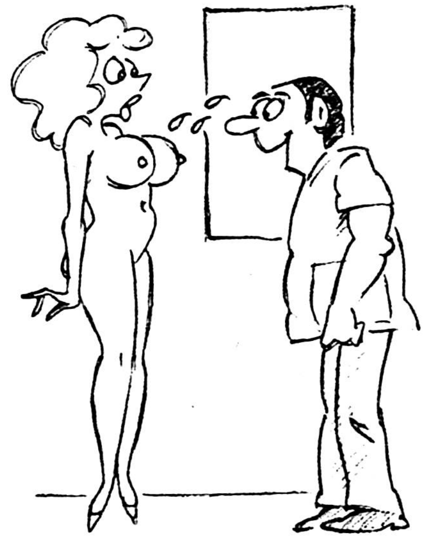
'Right, Miss Tucker, roll up your sleeve.'

'It's his heart, but I don't think it's because he's eaten too much butter.'



'How would you like to donate your body to medical research tonight at my place?'

'I don't care if I am just what the doctor ordered, you're not having me three times a day after meals.'

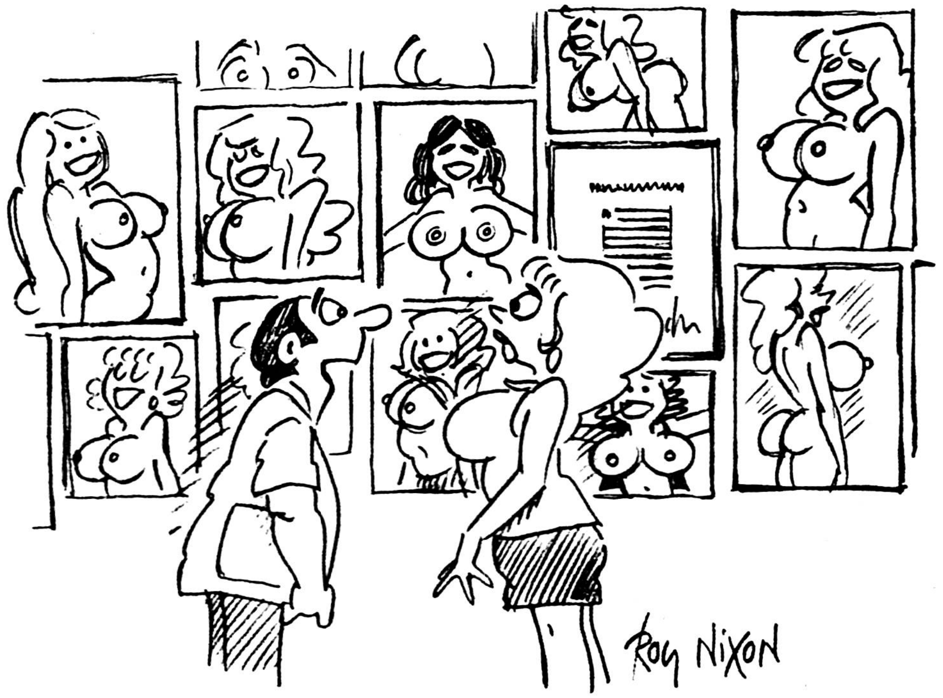


'I want you to go to bed for a few days. It won't help your condition, but I need the company.'

'Unfortunately there's more to first aid than just loosening clothing, Mr Harris.'

'It's bad news I'm afraid. I won't have to see you any more.'

'Well, there's nothing wrong with your chest, that's for sure.'

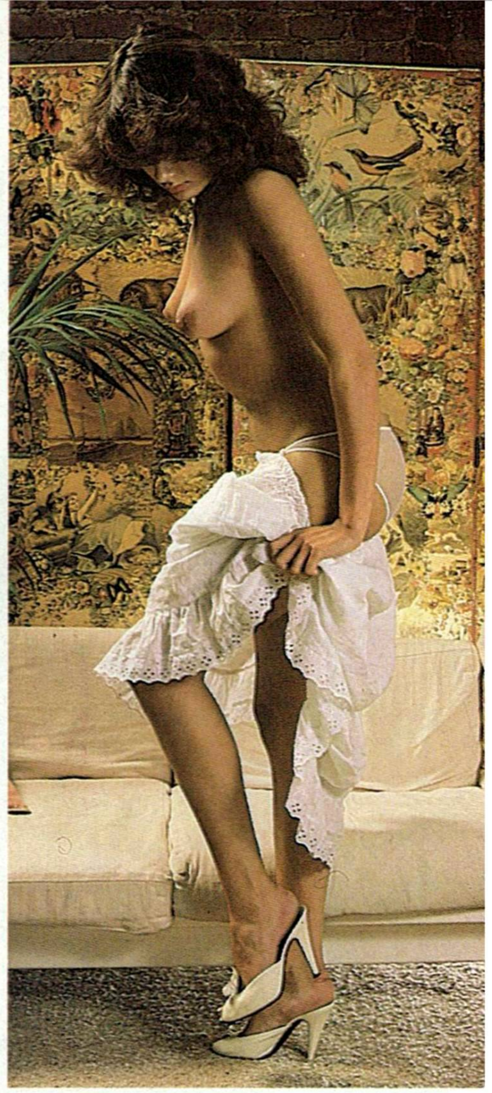


'Surely you wouldn't expect a chest specialist to have pictures of feet?'

Carmina

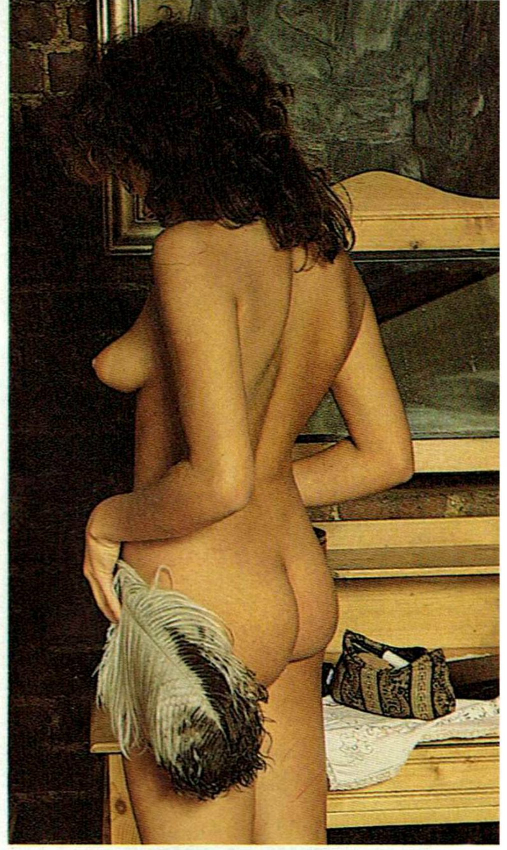
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Customers of a small bistro-style café in trendy north London are often baffled by the accent of one of the waitresses. 'People think I'm Italian,' said 19-year-old Carmina Gonzalez who is as Spanish as the sound of flamenco guitar. Carmina hails from a tiny village outside Barcelona where her 34-23-34 figure was as much admired as it is now in her London home near Camden Town. She has lived in Britain now for five years, but she admits that her accent can still land her in trouble, especially when taking orders from the customers. 'People were always making fun of me,' she told us. 'The boss for example would often walk up as I tried to make myself heard, and say in his best Basil Fawlty voice, "You'll have to excuse the waitress. She's from Barcelona!" It was very embarrassing.'



But in one respect, Carmina has no problem making herself understood. Her Mediterranean looks attract men like bees to a honey pot, and Carmina admits that she likes to encourage them. 'I don't see anything wrong in showing a bit more to attract a man,' she claimed. 'I particularly like something low-cut at the front – especially if I'm serving. That always gets their attention. I see a lot of girlfriends nudging their men in the ribs when they look at me.' But surprisingly Carmina hasn't yet found a date through her work at the café tables.

'There isn't time to be chatted up at work,' she commented, 'I'm too busy dashing from table to table. They don't call me "Speedy" Gonzalez for nothing.' So on her evenings off, Carmina can be found at *The Victoria*, near Mornington Crescent, attracting the amorous attention of her fellow drinkers. But what type of man does *she* like best? 'Oh, he must have a sense of humour,' she replied at once. 'If a guy can make me laugh then he's laughing, if you get my meaning.' Not surprisingly then, Carmina's other favourite haunt is *The Roebuck*, a pub in Tottenham Court Road with a room upstairs where there is a weekly cabaret on Saturday nights. 'It's hilarious,' she said. 'A bit rude, but I love it. English humour is wonderful. I would much rather marry an Englishman than a Spaniard. Would John Cleese marry a Spanish waitress?'



Ernst Udet was Germany's second highest-scoring ace of WW1, a fearless barnstormer between the wars, and later the man behind the Stuka dive-bomber

Ernst Udet: Germany's diminutive dare-devil

By Gerald Rawling

Both pilots were flying solo patrols when they met at 5,000 metres. Since this was early June, 1917, the aircraft were fairly evenly matched, the Frenchman flying a light-tan-coloured Spad with the bold legend *Vieux Charles* painted on the fuselage, while the German piloted an Albatros D5 – his machine was more gaudy with a red fuselage, and red and white candy-stripes on the top wing, but he also had a name on his fuselage – Lo, short for Elenore, his fiancée.

The Spad flashed past the Albatros, tight turned, and the dogfight was on. The two aircraft circled and manoeuvred for nearly 20 minutes. Despite much chattering of Spandau and Vickers machine guns, neither pilot scored a hit, and each realised that his opponent was a master of the game. Eventually, with the Spad briefly in his sights, the German pressed his gun button but both guns jammed. He pounded with his fists to no avail, and now he knew he was in trouble, only able to continue circling until his fuel ran out. To dive away with such an opponent would be suicidal, and in any case, if there was one area in which the Spad was superior, it was in a power dive; any attempt to get away in a manoeuvre of that kind and he would probably shed his top wing. Resigned to his fate the German continued circling and hammering at his guns. It was then that the Frenchman, now aware of his adversary's plight, waved a valedictory salute and cleared away to the west, leaving the German to fight another day.

The Spad pilot was the most famous French ace of the war, Georges Guynemer, and his chivalrous gesture, if laudable in the moral sense, was to prove extremely costly in practical terms. For the German, who at that stage had shot down six Allied aircraft would go on to account for another 56, finishing up as the highest scorer after von Richthofen; his name was Ernst Udet.

For the greater part of his life Udet was a

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

Ernst Udet, WW1 German ace, and the man who instigated the Stuka dive-bomber.

popular hero with the German people. Apart from his illustrious war career he was continually in the public eye whether as barnstormer, stunt-flyer, film star or simply *bon viveur*. His private life was indecorous, even scandalous, but his popularity never waned. When the Nazis came to power that popularity made him useful, and he was roped in, not only to the Party, but to high office in the *Luftwaffe*. It was an administrative appointment totally unsuited to his talents, and one which would literally be the death of him. Added to all that, it was he more than anyone who evolved the dive bomber concept that resulted in the development of one of Germany's most terrifying *blitzkrieg* weapons, the Stuka.

He was born on April 26, 1896 at Frankfurt-am-Main, the son of an engineer, and shortly afterwards the family moved to Munich, a city which he would always regard as his home town. As a child he seems to have been rather shy and introvert with an artistic temperament, qualities which appalled his father who continually goaded him in the direction of more 'manly' pursuits. Thus it was that he went in for motor-cycling, and joined the local aero club.

He was 18 on the outbreak of World War One, and immediately volunteered for service, but was told at the recruiting centre, 'No unit's going to take you on, you're not even five feet three inches tall.' Nevertheless he was off to the front two weeks later since all motor cycle clubs had been asked for volunteers who could supply their own machines. Along with him went his sketch pad and pencils – he was always a good man for producing a cartoon. He worked as a despatch rider for two months, and when the voluntary organisation was disbanded, he applied for a transfer to the flying service. He was told that there was such a long waiting list that he could only get in immediately if he were a qualified pilot. Undeterred, he approached one of his father's friends who manufactured aircraft for the LVG firm. Each aircraft had to be flight tested before delivery. Udet got a job with the company, and finally flew solo, achieving a civilian pilot's licence on April 15, 1915. Armed with this accolade he was accepted for the Flying Service, and after a brief period of training was posted to a reconnaissance squadron, flying Aviatik two seaters. He did not stay there long.

Although frequently in collision with authority – on one occasion he was imprisoned for seven days for reckless flying and 'insane turning manoeuvres' – he was soon identified as a pilot of much higher than average ability. Because of this he was transferred to single-seater fighters.

Ernst Udet (left) with a colleague. This picture shows just how diminutive he was.

His initial mount was a Fokker D3 biplane, and at 3.30 pm on April 18, 1916 he took off to intercept 'two French aircraft' reported as heading for Mulhausen. On reaching 2,800 metres he identified not two but 22 bombers – Farmans, Caudrons and Voisins. Somewhat perplexed and completely alone, he climbed above them, circled and then, picking one fat Farman from the middle of the bunch, dived on it. He opened fire at 30 metres, and saw the bomber stagger with blue flames spitting from the exhaust before he flashed through the formation with enemy bullets zinging around his head. He pulled out at 300 metres, and started climbing again in time to see his recent target hurtling past him, now a flaming torch, shortly followed by its observer cartwheeling towards the earth. It was his first victory but further progress was slow to begin with as they were in a quiet sector in the Vosges.

On January 22, 1917 he was commissioned, and his *Jagdstaffel* – Squadron (*Jasta* for short) – was re-equipped with the Albatros D3, a vastly superior fighter with twin machine guns. Then they were transferred to the much more active Champagne area and Udet began to increase his score. His merit was soon recognised, and with his tally at six he was given command of his own unit, *Jasta* 37.

He now began to pile up victories steadily and consistently. Apart from being a superb pilot he seemed to be completely nerveless in the air, and suffered his daily flirtation with death without ever showing signs of wear and tear. Only one experience seems to have haunted him sufficiently to make him go on record about it. Leading his *Jasta* towards Ypres one day in March, 1918 he was flying some 300 metres below the solid cloud base when a human body fell through the cloud ceiling, arms and legs flailing, plunged past his aircraft, and hit the ground just behind the Allied lines. Neither aircraft nor wreckage followed it – there was just the body. Udet was unnerved: 'I'll never forget that awful vision,' he wrote later, 'as long as I live.'

But there were more pleasant moments. In March, 1918 *Jasta* 37 was moved to Le Cateau, and Udet was busy helping his mechanics put up the mess tents when he felt a tap on his shoulder. He looked up, and there was the Red Baron – Rittmeister Manfred Freiherr von Richthofen. What happened next is best told in Udet's own words:

' "How d'you do, Udet," he said negligently acknowledging my salute.

' "Nice weather we're having today." [It was pelting with rain].

'I looked at him and noted the calm expression and the cold eyes . . . He looked older than I had imagined . . . older than a man of his age ought to look.

' "Udet," he asked me, "how many have you shot down to date?"

' "Nineteen recognised, one waiting for confirmation," I replied.

'He raked the mud with the tip of his walking stick.

' "H'mm, twenty," he commented. Then he raised his eyes and scrutinised me for a while. "That about qualifies you to join us. Would you care to?" '

Would he care to? Richthofen, most famous ace of them all, commanded *Jagdgeschwader* 1 (JG1), the first flying circus, comprising four separate *Jastas*. It was well known that he picked only the best pilots to serve in his unit. Udet finished up with JG1, commanding *Jasta* 11. He then began to add to his score at a phenomenal rate – in fact, between March 26 and September 26, 1918 he shot down 42 enemy machines.

In the interim, Richthofen's long reign as the *eminence grise* of the Imperial Flying Service ended when he fell to the guns of a Canadian pilot, Captain Roy Brown. Arrogant to the end, however, he had left a 'Will' dictating to the High Command who should be his successor, and this legatee turned out to be Willy Reinhard, commander of *Jasta* 6, a 12 victory ace and a popular enough chap. He unfortunately was killed in a flying accident at the Adlershof in Berlin where service pilots turned up now and then for a couple of days test-flying on new designs. Reinhard crashed to his death in a machine designed by a certain Dr Claudius Dornier who would do rather better in World War Two with his Do. 17, Flying Pencil. The officer who had taken up that same aircraft just before Reinhard, and survived the experience, was a slim, good-looking young Bavarian Lieutenant with an interest in fine art – his name was Herman Goering.

With Reinhard's death it seemed clear that the leader's mantle would fall on one of the two leading aces of JG1 – Ernst Udet (*Jasta* 11) or Erich Lowenhardt (*Jasta* 10). But in fact the leadership of JG1 devolved on a complete outsider: Herman Goering who had so narrowly escaped death at the Adlershof. It was the beginning of a fateful relationship for Udet.

By the end of the war he had flown all the best German fighters, including the Albatros D5, the Fokker Triplane and the best German machine of the period, the Fokker D7. In the process he had brought his tally to 62, and finished up second only to the Red Baron.

Post war Germany was a depressing place, and Udet, returning to Munich, suffered along with everyone else. But by now flying was in his blood, and he found no difficulty in translating his activities from *kamfflieger* to *kunstflieger* that is from fighter pilot to barnstormer. He was still a popular war hero who could draw the crowds. So he teamed up with an old service buddy, Ritter von Greim, to put on displays of a barnstorming nature – stunt flying, aerobatics and mock dogfights.

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Ernst Udet
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As a display pilot Udet was superb. He made a speciality of spectacular trick flying – whizzing through open-ended hangars and under bridges or viaducts, flying upside down at incredibly low altitudes and practising every possible variation of the power dive, usually pulling out only a few metres above the heads of the awed spectators. And there was room for his impish sense of humour as well.

Barnstormer Udet as the 'mad professor' with his treatise on flying in two hours.

One of his stunts, immensely popular at air displays, involved his dressing up as the doddery and pedantic old Professor Canaros who had written a huge treatise entitled 'Learn to Fly in Two Hours'. He would appear on the tarmac, luxuriously bewhiskered, wearing a top hat and frock coat and carrying an umbrella in one hand with an outsize copy of his handbook tucked under his other arm. He would climb into the machine and commence an elaborate pantomime of perusing his writings while the aircraft staggered around the field in taxiing manoeuvres. Eventually airborne after many false starts, the 'professor' could be seen standing up in the cockpit, gesticulating helplessly while he consulted his pages. The show finished with what has been described as 'a superb tennis ball landing' after which the machine was shrouded in artificial smoke with the professor running for his life closely followed by the meat wagon.

His private life was quite as uninhibited as any of his public performances. Always a heavy drinker – he was never far from a cognac bottle, even in the air – a lover of good food and the high life, he was also a dedicated admirer of beautiful women.

He married his childhood sweetheart, Lo Zink, in February, 1920 but the union was short-lived, and they were divorced three years later.

Shortly before the wedding, Munich was the scene of an historic occasion when, in the cellar of the *Hofbrauhaus*, an unknown man made his first speech to a German audience. One hundred and eleven people attended, and were so mesmerised that they contributed 300 marks to the 'Party' treasury. The speaker was Adolf Hitler.

Never one to show the remotest interest in politics, Udet remained blissfully unaware of the growing influence of the Nazi Party. He continued his display flying, started an aircraft manufacturing firm which bore his name, and then went in for film work with a Dr Arnold Fanck, a celebrated Alpine geologist turned movie director. Fanck made a series of mountain sports films, most of them shot in the Alps, and many of them featuring stunning – not to say risky – flying sequences, all of which Udet performed without the benefit of trick photography or understudies, flying his Flamingo biplane. Best known of Fanck's films was *The White Hell of Pitz Palu* in which Udet played himself, the war ace turned stunt pilot, who is called out to rescue three stranded climbers, lifting them out by air from the mountain peak where they are trapped. In 1932 while filming for Fanck in Greenland his behaviour was noted by a geologist working with a neighbouring scientific expedition who went on record as follows:

'He did some astonishing flights, drank very heavily but was immediately sober when required. He was very interesting and a marvellous caricaturist. He ridiculed all big phrases and made particular fun of Leni Riefenstahl's Nazis enthusiasm.'

Leni Riefenstahl, sometime ballet dancer, played the female lead in all the Fanck/Udet films; later she turned to direction with considerable success, and become important to the Nazi propaganda machine. Her film, *'Olympiad – Festival of Nations* – a record of the Berlin Olympic Games of 1936 – is probably the best sports film ever. Eventually she was to become the close confident of the man she most admired, Hitler.

Udet, by contrast, regarded the Nazi Party as a rather boring joke, although he was to become ensnared by it when he moved to Berlin in 1927. Udet fitted in well to the world of night clubs, high-priced whores, champagne breakfasts, elegant dinners at *Horcher's*, and time off for the occasional mind-bending *grossstadtbummel* (king size pub crawl). All may have seemed *gemutlich* for the playboy pilot but things changed dramatically one day in 1931.

Coming out of a cinema, he ran into his ex-commander of JG1, Herman Goering. They had not met since the War, and Udet felt an indefinable sense of foreboding. 'We must have a quiet chat, Udet,' said the now obese Goering. 'One day soon we shall have a

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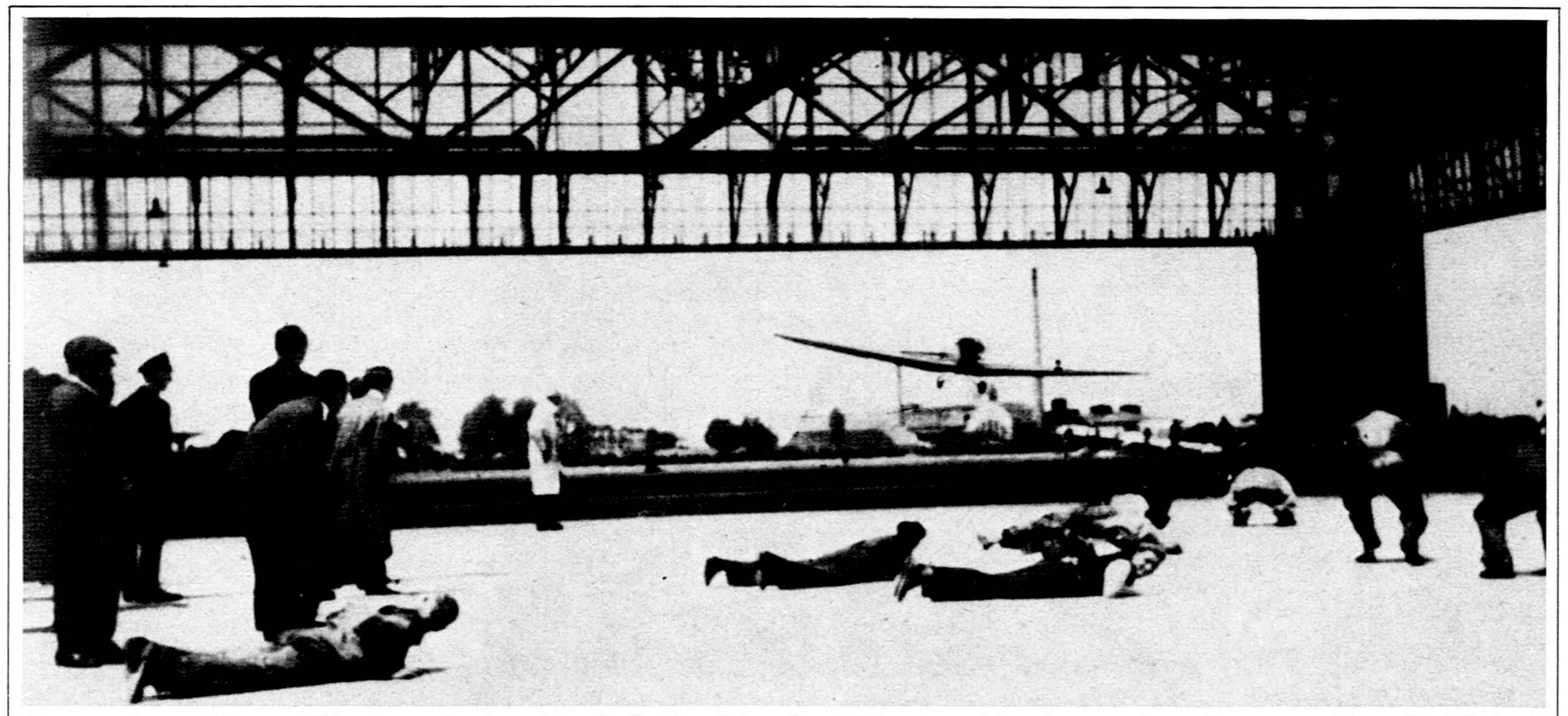

Between the world wars, Udet was a fearless dare-devil pilot, flying through hangars (above) or touching the grass at Tempelhof (below).

Ernst Udet

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voice in the air again, and then we shall need people like you.'

Later in 1931 he was invited to demonstrate his abilities at Britain's King's Cup Air Race, and in the National Air Races in Cleveland, Ohio where a local journalist gave an eye-witness account of a near-incredible performance:

'In the greatest exhibition of dare-devil flying ever staged in this air-thrill wise city, Captain Ernst Udet, outstanding German ace, furnished the high spot in an afternoon and evening of thrilling aerobatics. Pitting his superb flying skill against the laws of gravity, Udet flew his German Flamingo plane in positions never intended by the Wright Brothers and certainly never imagined possible by the wondering thousands of spectators in the air race stands. Like a crazily bouncing ball, the little craft went hopping here and there, now bouncing on one wheel, now dragging a wingtip in the turf, now jumping a line of parked airplanes. Every movement was followed by the fascinated spectators, and long and thunderous was the applause as the German ended his marvellous exhibition by executing two loops in succession at low altitude with his motor idling.'

That evening he went round to inspect the new models on display – the Cleveland Races were as much a sales platform as anything – and became hypnotised by the potential of the latest Curtiss offering, the F8C 'Helldiver'. It was a sturdy biplane with a fixed, spatted undercarriage, and Udet had watched it power diving and dropping bags of flour onto a marked target. Udet saw the aircraft as a stunt machine rather than a warplane, but, meeting Goering later, the two flyers came to an agreement. Both wanted something. In Goering's case it was the technical expertise and, above all, the public following of the great Udet for the Nazi Party. Udet wanted two Helldivers, which at $14,000 each he could not afford. The die was cast, the deal was done and

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Udet's fate was sealed. He joined the Party which he despised, and in return the newly formed *Luftwaffe* bought the two planes.

Once again in uniform as Director of the Technical Department of the *Luftwaffe*, Udet pushed ahead with his ideas for dive-bombing techniques. Test flying one of the Helldivers, he smashed up the machine but walked away unhurt from the wreckage. Next he got the Junkers company interested in the concept. The result of their deliberations was the Ju 87, an aircraft which, if only for a brief period, reigned supreme over the skies of Europe. A rather ugly, crank-winged monoplane with a hefty spatted undercarriage, it was called the Stuka (short for *Sturzkampfflugzeug* – 'dive attack aeroplane'). Later as part of Hitler's *blitzkrieg* operations in Poland, France and Belgium it would be triumphantly successful against ill-prepared and poorly defended targets. Later still, however, it became hopelessly outclassed when up against opposition like Spitfires, Hurricanes and sophisticated ground defences. Still, one has to admit that the Stuka had its day and that it was largely Udet's brainchild – it was his idea to add the screaming siren to the fuselage underside.

The outbreak of World War Two saw Udet firmly established in the *Luftwaffe* hierarchy. The job was purely administrative but Udet hated flying a desk, and used every excuse he could to get into the cockpit, test-flying as many of the new models as possible. Oddly enough, even as a seasoned pilot, his judgments could sometimes savour of the diehard reactionary. After sitting in a prototype Bf 109, the outstanding German fighter of the early war years, he told Willy Messerschmidt: 'This will never make a fighter. A pilot needs an open cockpit. He has to feel the air rushing by. You should really install a second wing above, with struts in between.' To give Udet his due this was a feeling shared by many of his contemporaries.

To begin with he enjoyed his work. The string of easy victories with the Udet-inspired Stukas carrying all before them provided a favourable climate in the top echelons of the *Luftwaffe* where he worked in harmony with Goering and his immediate deputy, Erhard Milch. About this time a British officer compiled a potted biography for Air Ministry intelligence on Udet which closed with the following words:

'Udet is an extremely amusing man with a good deal of the comedian in his make-up. He is an excellent trick shot, and an extremely clever caricaturist. He is fond of women, good food and drink, and has, like Milch and the others his private set of monogrammed wine glasses in *Horcher's*, the best restaurant in Berlin.'

With the fall of France there were promotions all round – Udet became a Colonel-General, Milch a Field Marshal, and Goering rejoiced in a sort of six star general's rank for which he designed his own uniform.

For Udet, however, this was to be the period of calm before the storm as things began to go wrong with the *Luftwaffe*, and Hitler started looking around for someone to blame. First of all the Battle of Britain, which was intended to crush the RAF prior to an invasion, went badly wrong. Far from being crushed, the RAF inflicted a humiliating defeat on the *Luftwaffe*, and practically every night British bombers were attacking

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Ernst Udet

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German cities – including Berlin. Then, in a moment of supreme idiocy, Hitler embarked on the invasion of Russia.

The resultant strain on Udet who was badgered on all sides with escalating demands for aircraft, engines and armaments was very severe. He became disenchanted and depressed, confiding privately to his current mistress, Inge Bleyle, 'I have a feeling that we'll never win the war. We've already lost it.' His relations with Milch deteriorated. As Goering's deputy, Milch was an extremely powerful man – he once said of Udet that his accomplishments were 'flying, drinking, womanising and lying, in that order.'

Udet was well aware of Milch's menacing presence, and once said to an old wartime friend: 'I'm the wrong man for this job. In the end they'll get me, when they need a scapegoat. Milch is always right behind me, always smiling, and saying, "I told you it wouldn't work" ... I'm just tired of the game.' It was to be an uncannily accurate prediction.

The end came quite suddenly. After pondering the current unsatisfactory situation, Hitler finally decided to blame Goering for the failure to smash the RAF, and that fat man promptly looked around for somewhere to pass the buck. He had not far to look. Udet filled the bill admirably. He was sent for, and in a seven hour interview was severely reprimanded by the once affable *Reichsmarschall*. Five days later

Goering (left) greets Udet in July 1940.

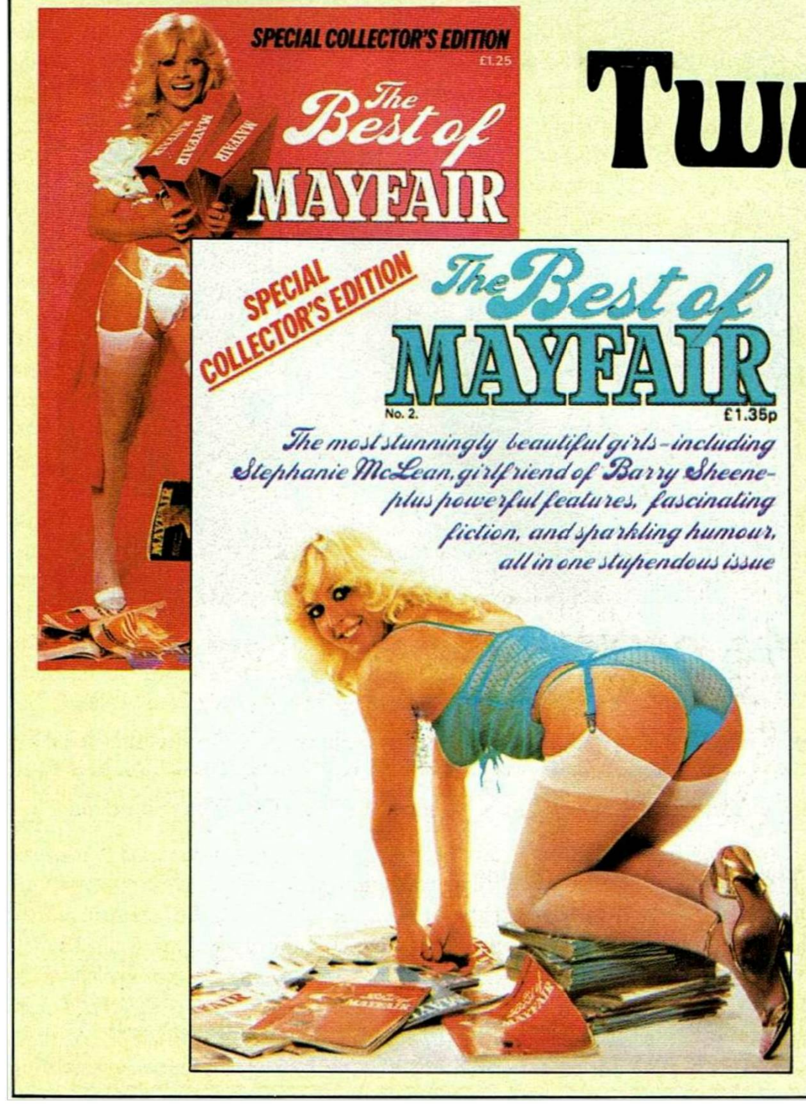
Milch provided the *coup de grace* at a skilfully and maliciously manipulated top level conference.

A switch in aircraft production plans from the Bf 109 to the newer Focke-Wulf Fw 190 had caused outrage at the Messerschmidt plant, and they were able to prove that the decision would result in the immediate loss of 600 aircraft for operational use. Milch knew all about these facts but craftily prevented Udet from seeing any of the documents involved. At the climax of the meeting the documents were produced, and Milch urbanely asked Udet for an explanation. Completely taken aback and made to look ridiculous in front of his own staff, Udet could find nothing to say. Defeated, demoralised and profoundly depressed, he decided on that day, November 12 1941, to take his own life. He did so five days later.

He spent his last evening with Inge, visiting friends. He seemed calmer but he was drinking very heavily, and when Inge quietly mentioned it to him he only replied: 'I've always liked to drink before a difficult flight.' Late that night he took Inge back to her apartment, and then drove slowly round the streets of Berlin as if saying farewell to his old haunts – particularly *Horcher's* where his account was currently 32,000 marks in the red.

He got home at 3 am, and spent the rest of the night drinking and penning a note in an unsteady hand, blaming Goering for his death by delivering him into the hands of Milch. By 8.45 the cognac bottle was empty. He picked up the telephone and called Inge. In his other hand he held a heavy Colt .45 revolver. She answered immediately and, worried by the tone of his voice, said she would come round and breakfast with him. 'No,' he said, 'don't come. It's too late.' The gun muzzle was behind his right ear. 'Ingelein, nobody was dearer to me than you.' Frantically she started to protest. Then he pulled the trigger.

Even in death Udet was not free from the lies and deceit of the Nazi Party. They announced that he had died of injuries while testing a new weapon, and gave him a lavish State Funeral with Hitler and Goering mouthing unctuous platitudes before the bier. It would be pleasant to imagine Udet ensconced in that special Valhalla reserved for German war heroes, cognac in hand, permitting himself a sardonic smirk.



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The girls you've asked to see

PIPPA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

Sometimes we feature a girl who we just know will be a favourite with readers. And sure enough, the letters have been flooding in praising 25-year-old Pippa Forrest since we first featured her as our centregirl more than two years ago in Vol 16 No 4. Reader S M of Staines described her as the perfect English rose, and nominated her as having 'simply the best bum I've seen in my 35 years.'

It is not surprising that with her sultry looks and 36-23-35 figure, Pippa has made several appearances in *The Sun*, and she claims to have been featured topless in the *Daily Mirror* more often than any other girl. But it was by chance that Pippa became a model. Her boyfriend's black Rolls Royce was being used in a photo-session for a skateboard ad, and someone suggested that she appear in a couple of the shots. And her modelling career blossomed from there. Pippa was born in Sussex, but her mother took her to Tipperary in Southern Ireland when she was quite young. 'I went to a very orthodox convent in a castle where all the girls had to speak Gaelic until they were 14. I got a special order allowing me to speak English.'

Pippa is now back in rural Sussex, living in a beautiful Elizabethan house dating from around 1450. These photos were taken in her home, but Pippa wants to keep quiet about the village's name because the local Womens Institute members were not pleased after her debut in *The Sun*. Pippa spends much of her time buying flowers to dry and sell. 'I also sell cheese in a delicatessen near my home.' And of course she likes to devote as much time as possible to her home. 'There's a lot to do here, but I enjoy pottering around the house and doing the garden. I also love our little village and going for a ramble in the countryside with the dogs.' And with several cats as well, it is a busy life out in the country.

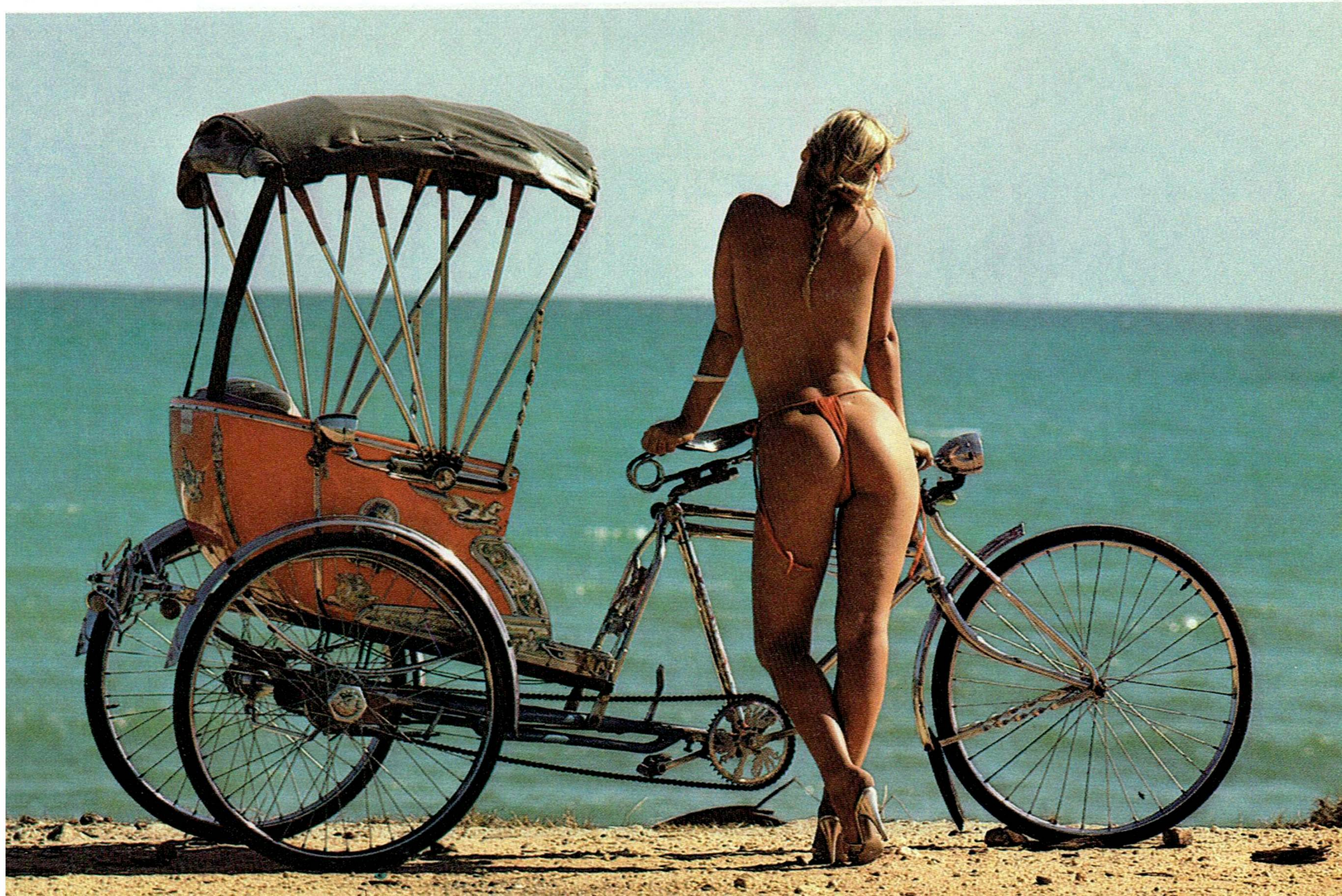
The girls you've asked to see

At last!

The sensational Sian Adey Jones

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO MARNOTO

Letters to *Mayfair*, as regular readers will tell you, are on many diverse subjects, but a lot of them have one thing in common. They end with the plea, 'When can we see more of Sian Adey Jones?' Now, at long last, we are able to answer that request. Sian is, without doubt, one of Britain's best known models. Her 34B-23-34 figure has appeared regularly in the *Daily Star* and *The Sun*, sometimes even in colour, but this is the most that Britain has ever seen of the 24-year-old, blue-eyed blonde. Born in beautiful North Wales, and now living in London, Sian's career is on the up and up.

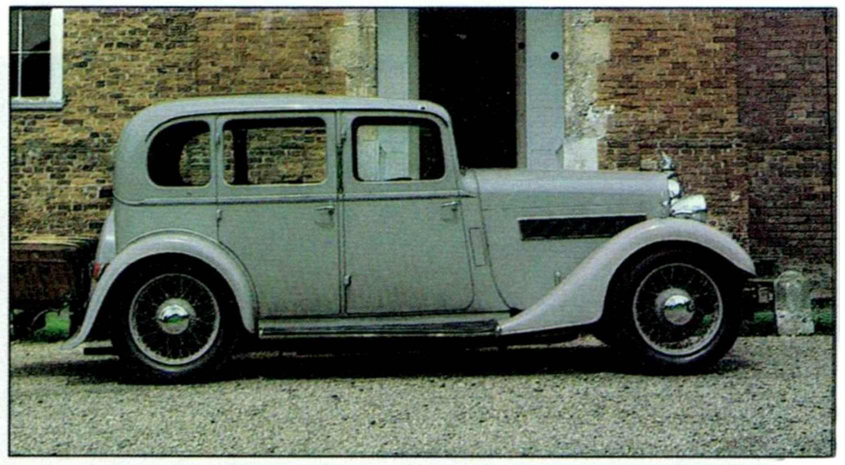
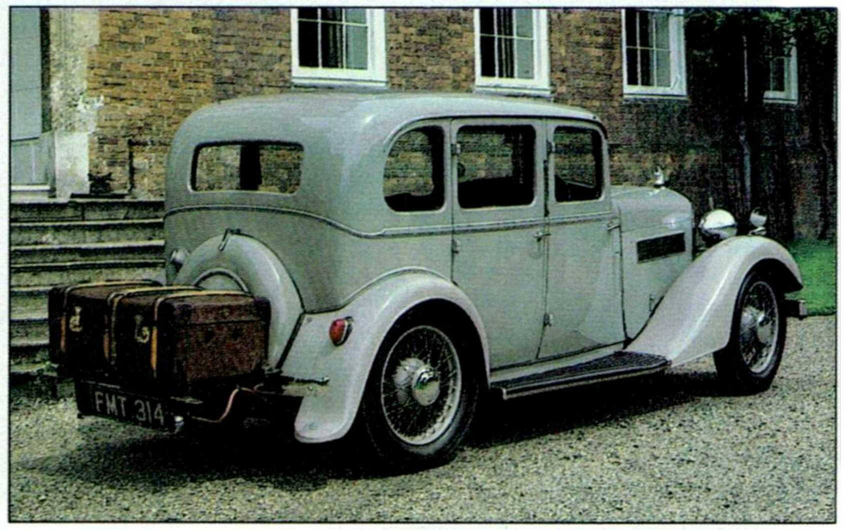


Sian's career started when she was crowned Miss Wales, and was entered for the Miss United Kingdom contest. She didn't win the title, but she was far from being a loser. Modelling work has never stopped flooding in since then.

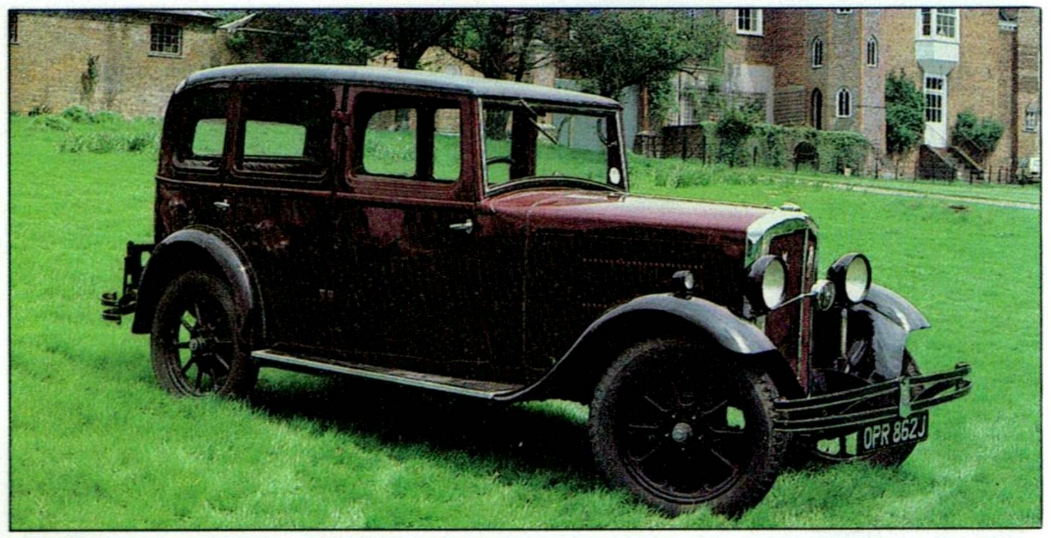
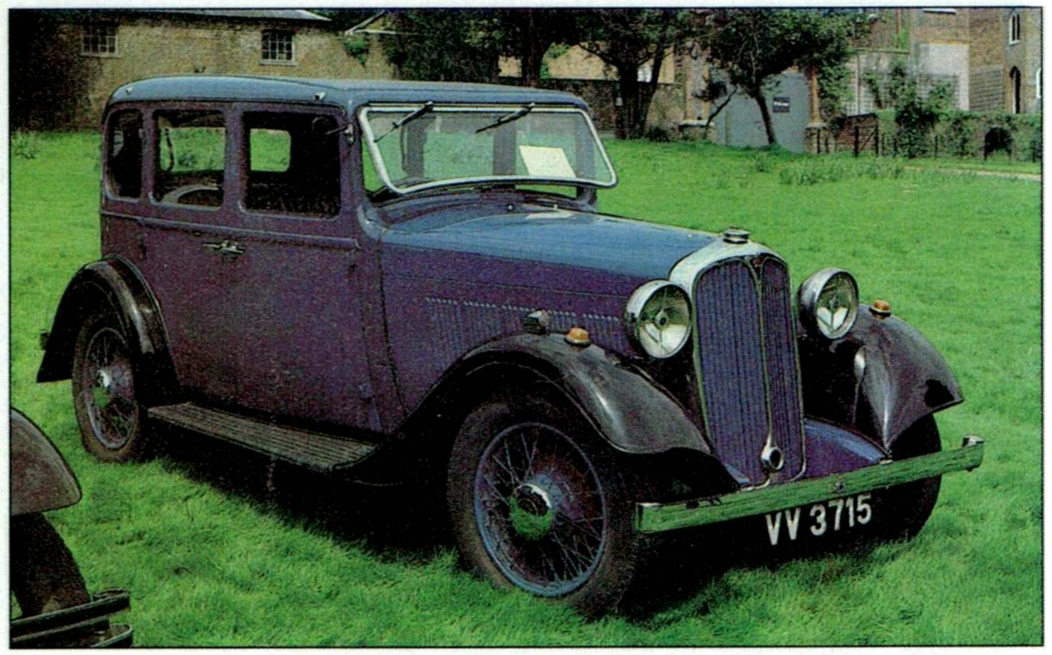
As well as being a *Page Three* girl and a *Starbird*, Sian has featured in all the top calendars – many of them now collectors' items. She has also featured in poster and magazine advertisements. A recent success has been her advertisement for Berger paints. Sadly, we shall not be seeing Sian on TV. She's not an Equity member.

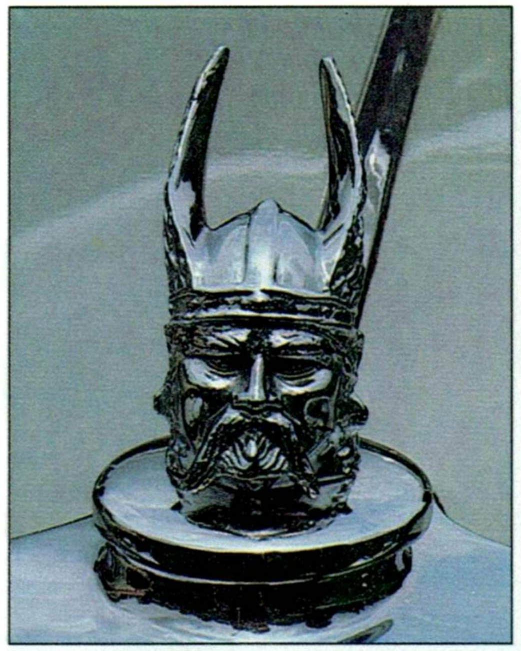
Last November, Sian achieved a lifetime's ambition when she went over to California. She had planned a holiday there, but wound up staying for over six months. In fact Sian's British fans feared they might have lost her for good. Then she was spotted at Ascot in a spectacular outfit, and the press proudly proclaimed that Sian was back. Less well known is that Sian had previously celebrated her return with all her friends at her favourite nightclub, *Stringfellow's*. It's great to have her back home.

MAYFAIR’S GIRL OF THE MONTH/
SIAN ADEY JONES

Large picture and two small pictures top right: This Rover 10 saloon was made in 1937. Its light six, 1,389cc engine can develop 10.8bhp. Above: Another Rover saloon from the same era. Right: A Rover 10/25 dating from 1930 with a four-cylinder 1,185cc engine. This model has a special pressed steel coach-built body. Below it, is another Rover 10. This was one of Rover's most successful models, being built for six years between 1934 and 1940. Top far right, is Rover's highly distinctive bonnet mascot.

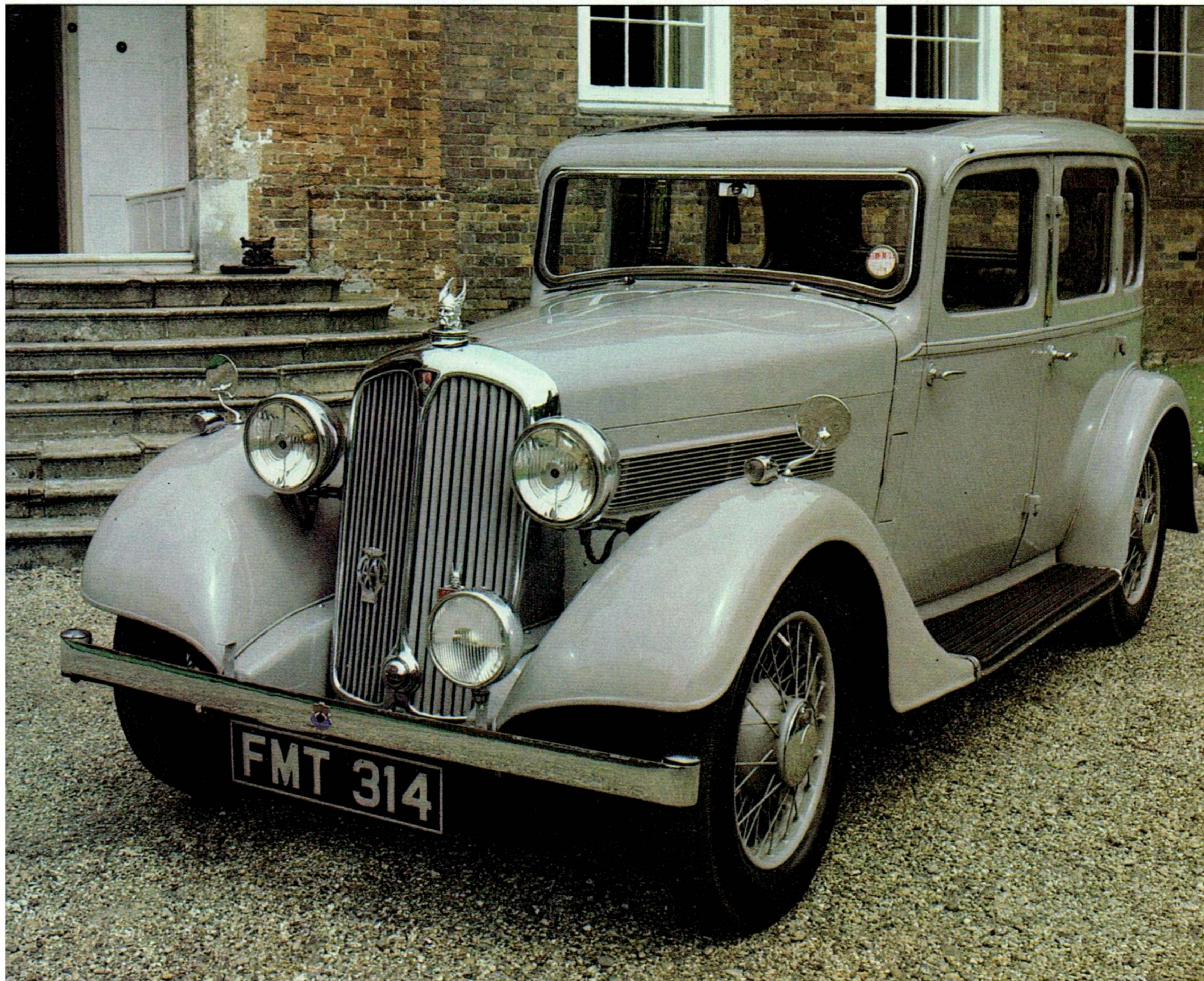


In the days before the war when boy scouts still wore shorts, Rover started making those sturdy yet sumptuous cars for which they have become renowned

Motoring with William Boddy
Photographed by Andrew Morland

Rovering to Success

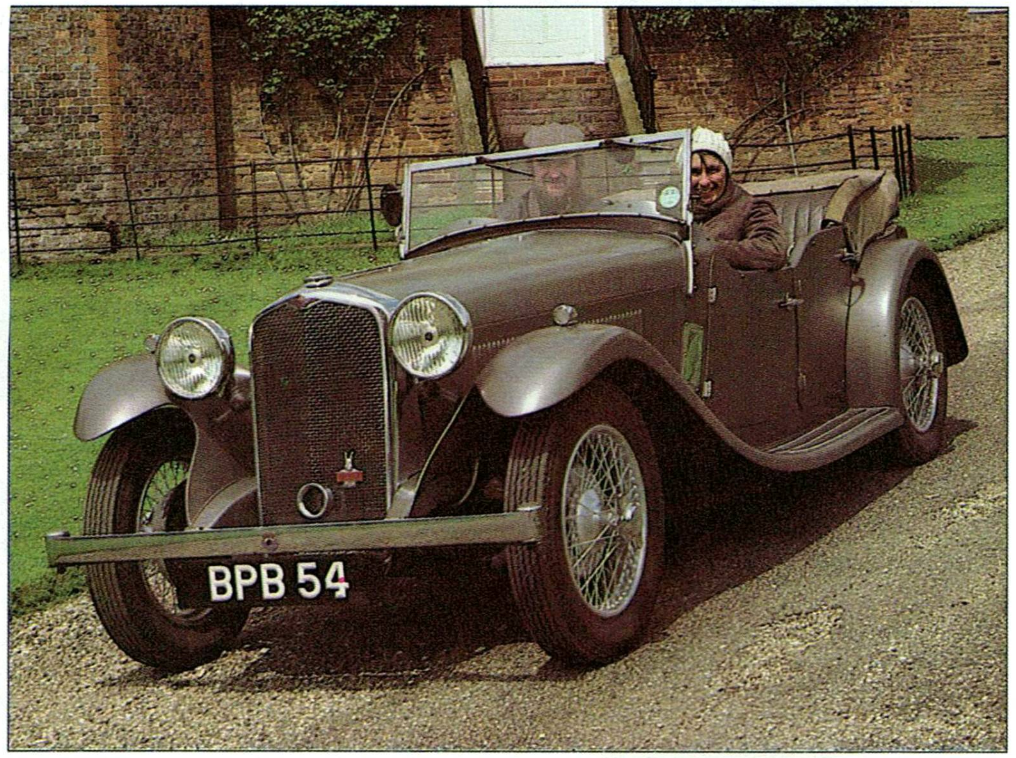
The Rover tends to be regarded as a car for the well-heeled, an excellent executive's machine. Yet in the past this illustrious British make has been many things; racer, economic baby, still-born miniature, and all manner of types in between. Today the BL Rover range appeals to me very much. I have had a good deal of experience of the quiet, accelerative 3500 V8, and its posh Vanden Plas equivalent. I knew the older Rover 2000s pretty intimately too; very comfortable four-cylinder cars with the uplift of De Dion rear suspension and complicated front springing that directed all the stresses into the firewall. I enjoyed many miles in a 2000TC Rover, its performance more than adequate, 'TC' standing for twin carburetters. Its leather upholstery was nice on the bum too. Now we have the big Rovers from the push-rod 2000, through the petrol-thrifty 2300 and 2600 models, to the big chaps with their light-alloy, American-sired, eight-cylinder power units. In the latest Vitesse model the 'old gent' Rover image has



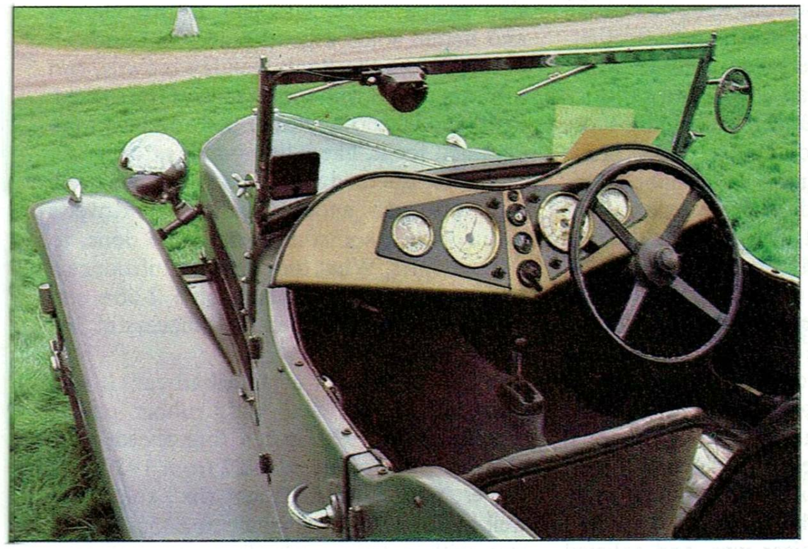
been blown apart with 130 mph on tap and a whirlwind pick-up.

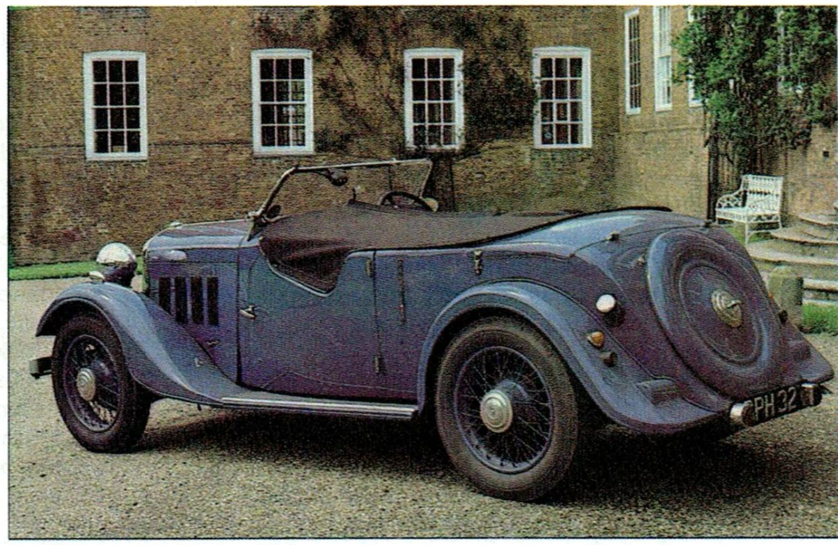
So there is a great deal going, in my opinion, for Rover, top job in the BL Austin/Rover Group, at prices running from £7,899 to £15,270 for the Vitesse with Borg-Warner automatic transmission. That's the modern Rovers quickly summed-up, cars which compare, specification-wise, very well with the Rolls-Royce – work it out and see how many factors both makes have in common.

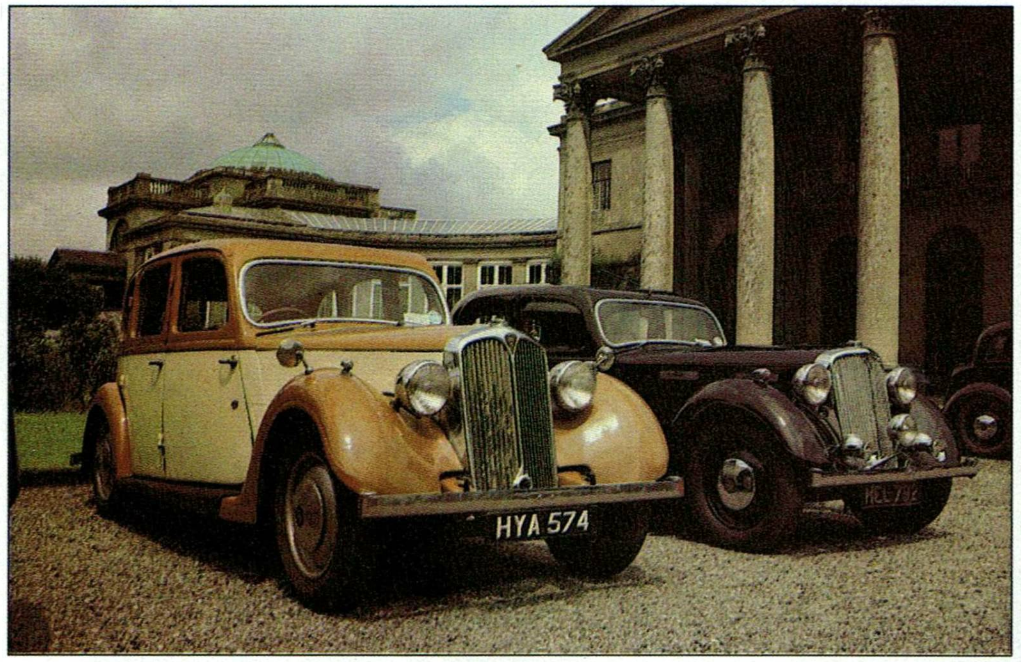
What of pre-war Rovers? As I have explained, they came in many different guises. Up to the outbreak of war in 1939 they possessed the upper crust image of the present-day Rovers. There were four models. A nice little 10 and 11.9 hp 12, and two six-cylinder offerings, a 14 and a 16, both very much at home outside the golf club-house. I used to marvel at how the old Birmingham manufacturer managed to build these beautifully made cars with all that generous array of equipment at such low prices. For instance, in 1939 the long stroke 1,389 cc Rover 10 sold as a saloon for only £275. At the opposite end of the spectrum the 16, with its 2.1-litre six-pot motor, cost £370 – very modest indeed for a well-endowed and well

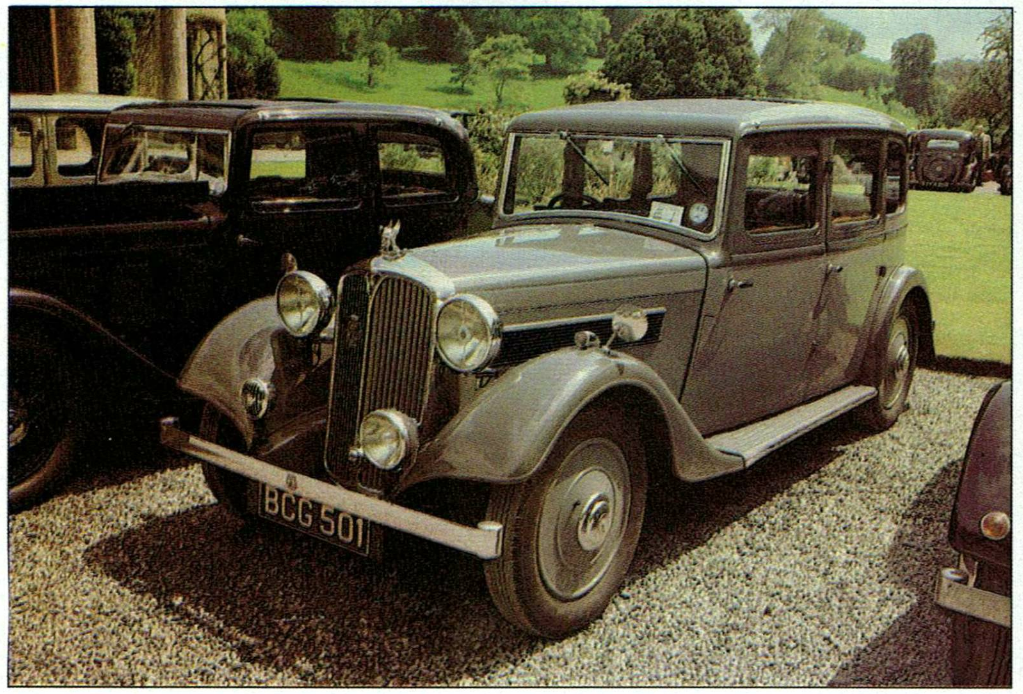


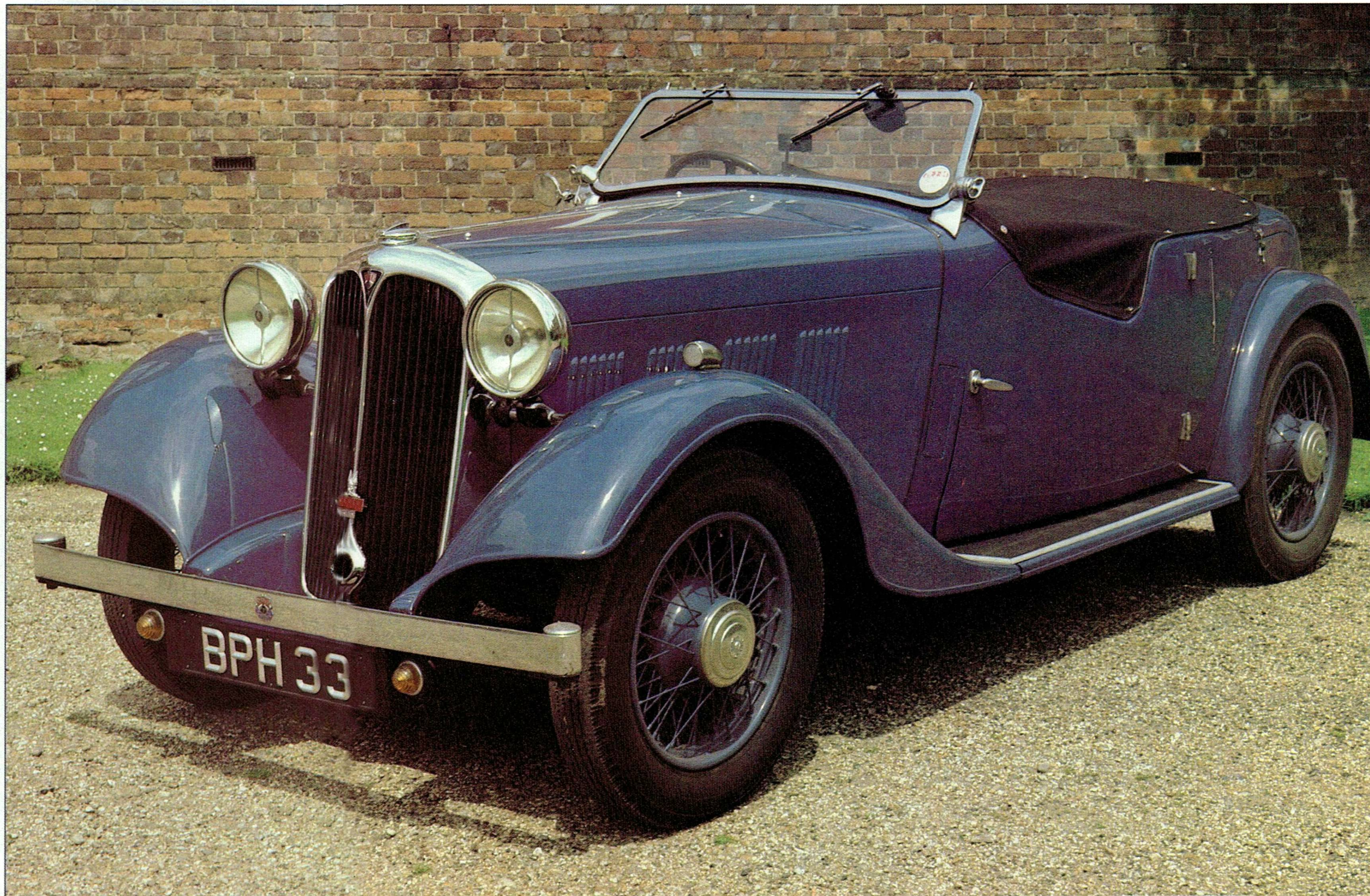
Large picture and small picture top right: Two views of the 12bhp Rover Sports Tourer. This particular car was made in 1934. Bottom left is the saloon version of the Rover 12, built in 1936. Above it is a Rover 12 Saloon Tourer built ten years later in 1946 with a similar 1,496cc engine. Top left and top centre: The Rover Speed Pilot seen from two contrasting angles. This four-door tourer was made in 1933, and had a six-cylinder, 1,577cc engine developing 14bhp and a maximum speed of around 77mph.











mannered saloon. There was also in 1938 the 'Speed-20' Rover saloon, with the $2\frac{1}{2}$-litre six-cylinder engine, which had been brought out in 1935. It was a reminder of the days when Dudley Noble, Rover's active publicity officer, used to thrash about Europe, beating the Blue Train and that kind of stuff, in the latest sporting Rovers. All these handsome cars from the 14 onwards, had a wheelbase of nine feet seven inches, and the rather narrow track of four feet four inches, and even that Speed-20 was priced, on the eve of the Hitler war, at only £425. All the pre-war Rovers included synchro-mesh, and in addition they were equipped with a free-wheel, like a bicycle. The idea was, originally, to ease gear changing, before synchro-boxes were common, but also to reduce petrol consumption by automatic coasting down hills, without moving the gear lever.

These up-market Rovers began to emerge around 1934, with new techniques for the 10hp, 12hp and 14hp models, supplemented by a Speed-14 and a Speed-16. Prior to that the make was going through a bad period, and it took a change in the Rover board and these fresh designs to improve matters. Not that they were bad cars. It was just that the pre-1934 Rovers did not have the style or reputation of these revised models. It probably stemmed from Rover's desire to ride on the expected boom in cheap, economical cars that was expected to follow the 1914/18 war. The boom came alright, but was of most benefit to Sir Herbert Austin, whose legendary Baby Austin sold like hot cakes. As an interim measure though Rover's flat-twin-cylinder air-cooled 8 bridged the gap very nicely. It had a 998cc engine, whereas the Austin's was 747cc, but as the Rover had no fan to stir up the air around its two big cylinders, it was apt to get warm on hills, and it had the kick of a mule when hand-cranked. Starting at £300 in 1921 for a very crude two-seater with leather-cloth upholstery, it persisted until 1924, by which time the price had dropped to £160.

It was then Rover decided something more grown-up was needed, and a rather crude water-cooled four-cylinder 9 was cobbled together, with a worm-drive back axle. It was useful, but not perfect, especially as the new engine had been put into the old 8hp chassis. The only other Rover at the time was an outdated 14hp car, the less expensive model of which had to make do with only three forward speeds. The crude Rover 8 ran on into 1925, with a longer wheelbase to enable two kids to ride behind their thrifty parents, and there had even been a van version.

Then Rover made another mistake. They hankered after the class market they had entered before the Kaiser war, and enlisted designer Poppe to make them a suitable vehicle. The outcome was the 14/45hp Rover, a car endowed with all manner of complexities, such as an ingenious steering gear and very odd overhead-camshaft valves involving cross push-rods. The overall effect was to produce a heavy, sluggish, and not over-reliable motor car. To try to overcome the *avoirdupois*, a bigger engine was put in. This helped a little, but not enough as the real power was only about 50bhp. Even a three-gallon oil sump and a Lanchester harmonic crankshaft balancer were insufficient inducement to attract many customers.

'She's on about the one that got away. I wonder who he was.'

Mark you, old Peter Poppe did his best. A slim racing model was run at Brooklands, and netted some second places in handicap events before the Bank Holiday crowds, and a sports model, still too expensive, was listed. Brooklands' certificates of performance were obtained for it, like a flying-mile at over $85\frac{1}{2}$ mph after the mudguards had been removed. But this was another period in Rover's history when something had to be done, to retrieve sales. What they did was introduce a simple push-rod overhead-valve 2-litre six-cylinder chassis, dubbed the 'Successful Six' in some desperation.

The new 6 was not at all a bad car. It was rated at 15.7hp, and with rubber engine mountings in 1929 and a four-speed gearbox available for an extra £7 from 1930, this Rover, now called a 'Light Six', sold quite well at £325, the Regal saloon £355. The 2-litre with a longer wheelbase catered even more for the middle-class customers, and was developed as the fast Rover 'Meteor', a $2\frac{1}{2}$-litre 60bhp job current from 1930 to 1933. Smaller 6's, of just over $1\frac{1}{2}$-litres' engine size, were slipped in from 1932. I never thought very much of these Rover Pilots with small engines beneath tall bonnets, although they met the 1930's craze for miniature six-cylinder cars.

Rover's drift back to the luxury market, met so ably after the Second World War by the many-engined but outwardly similar 'Auntie' Rovers, was a throw-back to much earlier times. True, they had commenced with an 8, in 1904 with one solitary cylinder, following this with a six-horse single-cylinder confection. But as the years rolled on, and experience and confidence were gained, there had been some fine, if not very generally encountered, bigger four-cylinder and six-cylinder Rovers. One recalls the Rover John Betjeman's father owned: 'The slow drive home by motor-car, a heavy Rover landaulette'. I don't suppose John or his dad knew, but at that time Rover prestige was enhanced because a 20hp Rover driven by E. Courtis had won the 1907 IoM Tourist Trophy Race beating a Beeston-Humber.

In 1912 Owen Clegg had produced a *real* winner, in the form of the simple but splendidly rugged and dependable Rover 12, that was a paragon among cars right until 1924. During the war Rover's built 12/16hp Sunbeams for the War Department, another thoroughly worthwhile motor-car. So when you see, as you occasionally will, a post-war Rover 90 or 100, or another of the 'Auntie' breed, still in use, you will realise that it is not by accident that these and the modern Rovers offer such quality.

And that still-born miniature I mentioned in the opening paragraph? It was the 7hp 840 cc Scarab that Rover's thought up in 1931. Perhaps a dozen were made all told, and exhaustively tested. But plans to build this £85, 50mph, 50mpg baby Rover came to nought – which was probably a blessing for Rover's reputation.

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Lisa

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

Take a stroll down to the river at Hammersmith any Sunday lunchtime, and the chances are that you'll spot sexy Lisa Brown downing the odd pint of beer in one of the Thames-side pubs. With her pert 36-24-35 figure, you'd never guess Lisa had a passion for beer, but she admits, 'I do have to be very careful not to drink too much. I know it's not very ladylike to drink pints, but these days a lot more women do. Besides, I've always lived in Hammersmith and amongst our crowd it is a tradition to meet for a few beers on Sunday.' Twenty-year-old Lisa's favourite pub is the *Dove*.

Lisa is manageress of a Kensington boutique, so most of her salary goes on new fashions every month. 'I'm hopeless with money, and it's a real struggle to keep enough back for my rent. We get such beautiful clothes in that I can't resist them, and then of course I have to have shoes and a handbag to match. My boyfriends say they hardly ever recognise me because I don't wear the same outfit twice. I'm a terrible poser, really, and I love to wear nice clothes and flirt in them.' Lisa would like one day to become a fashion model because she could be paid to wear beautiful outfits. 'That would just be heaven.'

To combat the effects of beer and hamburgers, her favourite food, Lisa is a keen jogger, and can be seen running along the riverbank before going to work. 'I also take my personal stereo cassette player into Ravenscourt Park and listen to music while I do aerobic exercises. I get some funny looks jumping around wearing a set of headphones, but at least I can't hear the comments. In fact I met one of my boyfriends like that. He saw me and came back later with a large piece of card with a message on it asking me to go out for a drink. I admired his cheek.'

JILL

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHEL MOREAU

When George V uttered his immortal phrase, 'Bugger Bognor,' he wasn't to know that it would be the home of lovely 19-year-old Jill Peters. Jill has always lived on the south coast, and her 34-23-34 figure can often be spotted during her early morning stroll along the prom. 'At this time of year, you have to be early,' she said. 'By nine o'clock you won't see the sea for oceans of trippers in "Kiss Me Quick" hats. But at least they keep us in work.'

For it is the millions of visitors to the south coast whom Jill has, in the past, had to rely on for her living. While she was at college, she sold ice cream near the front during the holidays to supplement her grant. 'I sold those soft cornets from a tiny booth,' she said. 'It was awful; hundreds of kids clamouring for their "99s", screaming and crying. I wanted to shove it in their faces.' Fortunately she resisted the temptation, though she has had one or two accidental spillages. 'I hit one young man right in the chest with a double cone and chocolate sauce,' she recalled. 'So I gave him a free one. But instead of eating it, he pulled open the front of my teeshirt, and pushed it right down inside. It wasn't half cold. He did have the grace to pay however.'

Another advantage, in Jill's opinion, of living in Bognor during the summer is that with all the visitors she doesn't have any trouble meeting new men. 'It's far harder hanging on to them,' she said. 'After a week they are back at their jobs in the City or whatever.' But she confesses that this does have its good points. 'You progress far quicker with a guy who knows he's only got seven days. . .' she grinned. 'Mind you it does cost me a fortune in postcards and stamps keeping in touch with them.'

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Fifteen

Some men are turned on by a reversal of the traditional roles, and enjoy being dominated by women, while females often like to take the initiative. Quest investigates three such cases

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

SCHOOLTEACHER, brunette, 27, town of origin Newcastle.

After attending teacher training college this interviewee worked for two years in an office before taking up teaching. She owns her own flat which she shares with a female colleague.

Quest: Would you say that you like to dominate men?
Teacher: I don't like to dominate anyone. The problem is convincing everyone.
Quest: Why is that a problem?
Teacher: I've always been very outgoing, very positive – my current boyfriend just calls me 'loud'! That attracts men to start with, but after a while they tend to feel threatened, unless they're very secure in themselves – like my boyfriend, thank goodness. Another difficulty is my job – it's very easy to get into the habit of taking charge automatically, giving orders – it's something I have to watch for. And then, of course, there's the way I look.
Quest: You look very attractive.
Teacher: Well, thank you, but I'm not exactly delicate and petite, am I? Five eight is quite tall for a woman, and my figure has always been a bit lush, to put it mildly. I had a thirty nine inch bust when I was fourteen. I'd never dare go out without a bra on.
Quest: I find it hard to see any of those factors as a disadvantage in attracting men.
Teacher: Ah, but are they the right men?
Quest: You tell me.
Teacher: Well, frankly, I may work with children but I am not the motherly type. I get a lot of men who see this big strict bosom, and who want to be organised. That's always amazed me. I don't want to boss people about – I do that in school all day. I want an equal partnership. But for some reason men – the ones I seem to turn on – see me as the school ma'am they lusted after as adolescents or who spanked their botties. It happens with the most unlikely people.
Quest: How were you first made aware of that?
Teacher: The first time I remember was when I was at school. Actually I am good at organising when I have to be, and I was a prefect quite early on. I used to be fairly athletic, and I was often asked to help with

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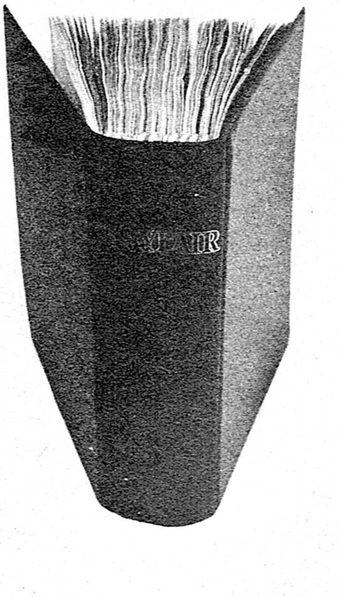

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occurred otherwise, and b) frankly, I wouldn't have known what to do if she hadn't.

Quest: Thank you very much.

INTERVIEW - 3

HOLIDAY COURIER, blonde, 24 years old, town of origin Reigate.

This interviewee left school at 16 and worked in a variety of jobs in the hotel and travel trade. For the past two years she has spent the summer months as a local representative for villa and apartment renters in Spain

Quest: Do you make a habit of tying men up and stripping off in front of them?

Courier: No, I don't! You cheeky devil. I thought this was going to be serious.

Quest: I'm only going by my notes.

Courier: Well then you know that only happened because I told Barry the only way I was going to drop my knickers in front of him was to have him tied down first.

Quest: I can tell you're not annoyed because you're still grinning at me. What I was trying to establish is whether that incident represents a pattern. Do you like to have the whip hand in a sexual situation?

Courier: Whip hand? Oh, I like it. Talk about a loaded question! Well I do keep the odd stud chained to the wall in the cellar, but that's only for when I want to exercise my flogging arm –

Quest: It *was* a serious question.

Courier: I'm not going to tell you about anything desperately kinky, if that's what you mean. At least not what I call kinky. But some people think oral sex is the height of depravity, don't they?

Quest: I was thinking more in terms of dominating a sexual situation.

Courier: I like to take charge sometimes. Other times I don't. I don't *have* to tie a man down and order him to satisfy me just to enjoy sex.

Quest: It's just fun sometimes?

Courier: It's always nice to get your own back! No, I'm joking – sex has got to be fun or there's no point in doing it, is there? You do whatever feels right at the time, as long as you don't hurt anyone. I like making men suffer a bit, but only because they want it. I think a lot of women would enjoy sex more if they realised that.

Quest: When did you first realise it?

Courier: When I was about sixteen. Mind you, I did mean to be nasty then. Or I started out that way.

Quest: Why did you mean to be nasty?

Courier: Because I found the love of my life in bed with another woman. Actually he was the love of about half a dozen lives, and he made the mistake of picking the wrong one. He used to look after a young riders club at a stables near where I grew up. It was supposed to be for boys and girls aged fourteen to seventeen but there were never any boys, just me and half a dozen teenyboppers in our hard hats and jodhpurs drooling over Simon. The Fingerpie man, we called him. Not that we got much of that. He was the son of the stable owner, and he was gorgeous. Twenty-one, tall, blond, bronzed. The thrill of the week was getting him to give you a lift up into your saddle. The only trouble was he knew what effect he had on all of us girls.

Quest: Meaning he took advantage?

Courier: Oh no – Daddy wouldn't let him get away with screwing his clients' little daughters. Simon was into local beauty queens anyway, or rather trying to get into beauty queens. Glamour and big tits, which is why he settled on Delia. Looking back it made sense – apart from the fact that she had a thirty-eight inch bust. She was the most sexually mature of us – we just thought she was tarty because she didn't make any bones about the fact that she'd done *it* with at least two boyfriends. We decided Simon would never go for someone so obvious, which shows you how much dewy-eyed sixteen-year-olds know about men.

> ‘A girl was sitting on each arm and leg, and I was sprawled on his chest. Then Clare tore off his pants’

Quest: So he did take advantage then?

Courier: His father went away for a week on business, and Delia immediately booked private lessons in the evenings. The rest of us couldn't afford that, we thought it was a really low trick, so we started making every excuse we could think of to nip down to the stables to keep an eye on them. On the evening my friend Caroline and I went down they were over an hour overdue from a ride, and we found their horses tethered behind an outbuilding at the back. It was a barn really, but one of the stablegirls had a room over the top, and we knew she'd gone with Simon's father. We crept up the stairs. They hadn't even bothered to close the door.

Quest: You saw them making love?

Courier: What we actually saw was Simon in the altogether chasing a giggling Delia round a tiny bed. She was just in her bra and knickers. We didn't wait for developments. This was a traumatic moment, a big shock, not just seeing our hero ‘betray’ us, but getting a glimpse of him in the buff as well, and with a good half of a hard on. We both took to our heels and then we planned our grim revenge.

Quest: Seriously?

Courier: Oh yes, we were very hurt. We'd ‘saved ourselves’ for this paragon, and he'd jumped on this horrible, obvious girl at the first opportunity. So he had to suffer!

Quest: In what way?

Courier: We beat him up.

Quest: That sounds a bit drastic.

Courier: It was meant to be. It didn't quite turn out like that, of course. The idea was we'd postpone our Saturday afternoon ride by an hour or two, so the stablelads would be having their tea, then we'd lure him into the back of one of the stables.

Quest: And that worked?

Courier: It worked very well. Luckily Delia wasn't there, but the rest of us were, and by the sort of come-on Caroline gave him Simon obviously thought he was in for some kind of spectacular gang bang. Until

Caroline suddenly snapped off all the charm and demanded to know what he was up to with Delia. He just laughed. Caroline called him a little shit and kicked his shins, so he pushed her over into some hay. I wasn't going to let him push *my* friend about so I threw myself at him, and suddenly he just disappeared under a mess of angry teeny-boppers. Actually we were lucky we didn't do him any permanent damage, but before we did everything changed.

Quest: How did that happen?

Courier: I remember it happening when I somehow ended up with Simon on top of me with his great weight pressing on my boobs, and his legs squeezing between mine. I suddenly thought, 'This is how he must have been with Delia.' And I went cold and shivery inside, and then I felt him.

Quest: You mean his erection?

Courier: Enough to make my eyes light up, and the others. It was a kind of hysteria, I'm sure, a wave of excitement. That was when Caroline and Clare, started to debag him.

Quest: Did he object?

Courier: Oh madly, at first, but there was a girl sitting on each arm and leg, and I was sprawled over his chest – God knows what we all looked like! Caroline and Clare unbuckled his jodphurs, and peeled them down to his knees. I remember he was wearing quite ordinary Marks and Sparks Y-fronts – I'd expected some exotic kind of jockstrap! And he quietened down; we all did, because it was obvious he was excited. I think we were all a bit scared it had gone so far so quickly. Caroline brought us back to earth, though – I don't think I realised till then how really keen she was on him. She snapped, 'Is this what dozy Delia does for you then?' And she tugged at the top of his pants. He tensed up at once and tried to lift his head, and see past me. Then Caroline tugged some more, and said, 'I'll stop if you beg me.' Simon said very quietly, 'Don't be silly now, Caroline.' We were spellbound because little black wisps of pubic hair were showing over his waistband, and his thing was practically tearing through the material. I could feel his whole body trembling, and his breath going ragged. Caroline went on, 'I can't hear you begging, Simon.' Then he did struggle again, and as she held onto him tighter Caroline suddenly yanked his pants right down, and clutched at this red, swollen *thing* that sprang up, and started pumping his foreskin in her hand. She was screaming and laughing at the same time, 'I bet you like Delia doing *this*!' Then he spat.

Quest: Spat?

Courier: His thing! He spurted. Clare squealed like a stuck pig. Simon just went beserk. He gave this great heave, and threw us off and tore out of the stable, dragging up his jodhpurs. Very impressive, actually, for a man who'd just given his all. And that was the end of our young riders club. But the whole incident became one of my big fantasies afterwards, especially when I became slightly less virginal.

Quest: Is that why you persuaded Barry to let you tie him up?

Courier: He persuaded me! It's all slightly complicated, but basically he used to work for my villa company, then he moved to a

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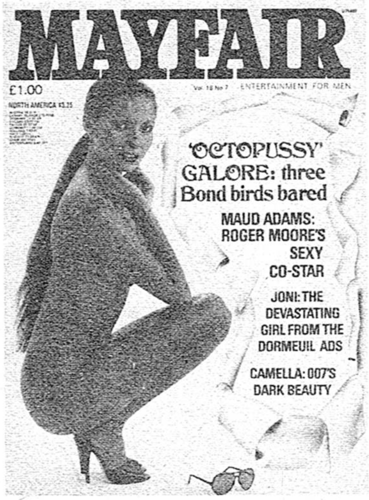
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friendly rival, so we spent two summers in Spain together. The thing is, when you work in the villa business the people you tend to have relationships with are either locals or people you work with, but somehow Barry and I never got round to it. Partly it was circumstances, partly he just struck me as a little too straight. He wasn't unattractive – he was two years older than me, carroty haired, quite a nice body, but he was a bit too much the bluff Yorkshireman. That didn't stop him trying it on. It became a kind of private joke that I was his virgin queen – the untouchable goddess. I played up to it because it's always nice to be lusted after. Then one day it just happened.

> ‘When I'd strapped his hands and feet he couldn't move. I felt powerful and wicked as I stripped down’

Quest: What exactly?

Courier: Bed. It was the end of the last season when things had really slackened off so we had more time to spend in the cafe. Barry and I spent an evening getting very drunk, and listening to a fellow at one of my villas who'd been to some very kinky places in Hamburg during a business trip. It was all very unserious, and I was mildly surprised Barry seemed so interested; it didn't fit my picture of him at all. That was when the remark came about me having to tie him down if I ever took my clothes off near him. It was another joke that I never left my bra top off on the beach. Not because I was ashamed of anything, but I thought it might be awkward if I met any of the villa guests.

Quest: But Barry took your comment seriously?

Courier: Obviously, though, he was trying to get me to give him a private striptease, especially after the villa guests had left, and we were strolling back to Barry's room.

Quest: Did that imply you expected to have sex with him?

Courier: Not especially. I'd been there before. I was quite merry though, and that makes me fruity, and it was a kind of farewell drink. Feeling sentimental is even worse for me: you start to think, 'Well I'd like to leave him some special memories of me.' Fatal. I didn't have anyone special, either. Anyway, we got back and started on some dreadful local brandy Barry liked, and he kept fantasising about how gorgeous I must be, so in the end I said, 'OK, fetch me some ropes, and you can feast your eyes.' I thought that might call his bluff.

Quest: Did it?

Courier: Instantly he produced a bundle of old leather straps he used for tying up his suitcases and trunk. The next thing he was spreadeagled on this big ancient brass bed – the bed was another joke; when we worked together we'd had to move it three times because no one could stop it creaking. All this sounds madly kinky – in fact we were laughing like drains. But I took the tying up very seriously – not a girl guide for nothing! When I'd finished strapping his hands and feet to the bed posts he couldn't move an inch – I know because I had to untie him eventually.

Quest: How did you feel then?

Courier: Powerful! And a bit wicked too. I was tempted to run off and leave him, but I didn't. I felt I had to live up to my side of the bargain, so I started the slowest, sexiest strip I could manage without music.

Quest: How far did you go?

Courier: All the way. I didn't have much choice – I was only wearing a wraparound dress and knickers. And it felt marvellous. I'd never done anything like it before.

Quest: What effect did it have on Barry?

Courier: Well it gave him the biggest bulge I've seen in a long time. So I decided to do something about it.

Quest: By unzipping him?

Courier: Oh nothing so crude. I did give him a little brush, but then I sort of danced around him, pushing a bare boob or a thigh, even my fanny hair once, against him. I wish I could be that inspired normally! Poor Barry was going frantic, and the more frustrated he got the more excited I got. He was really struggling – I could see the straps rubbing into his wrists.

Quest: Presumably you were on the bed by this time?

Courier: I was rolling all over him, rubbing my boobs in his face, massaging myself up and down his body, and giving little squeezes to his bump. Real *dolce vita* stuff. God, he was hard, though. The sweat was pouring off him. In the end he was pleading with me to do something for him.

Quest: Did you?

Courier: No! I was feeling much too selfish for that. I told him I would if he made me happy first. Here, I hope this is completely confidential.

Quest: Absolutely. Go on.

Courier: I climbed over the pillow so that I was straddling his face, looking down at him and I told him to lick me.

Quest: And did he?

Courier: I was practically smothering him because, as you can see, I'm not tall, and when his tongue flicked out into my pubic hair the top of my head just lifted. It was right on the button – my button. I didn't know till then how wet and open I was. And he was good too, licking up and down my crack, teasing my clitty. I tell you after a couple of minutes of that I was further gone than he was. I flopped back on him, tearing at his zip to get his thingy out. And the zip stuck, and it kept catching in his pants – I was practically weeping with frustration! Then I had it in my hand and I just stuck my little botty in the air and I sat on it – hard – so that it slid straight into me as deep as it could go. That was so incredible. I don't think I even humped it, I didn't have the puff. I just ground my clitty against the base, and purred, and he was jerking and he just swept me with him. It was one of the most amazing screws I've ever had.

Quest: Was it repeated?

Courier: Not with Barry, but I've been trying to persuade my present boyfriend we ought to try it. He's not sure.

Quest: Thank you, and good luck.

The girls you've asked to see

Gina

Another model who has inspired our readers to write in praising her undoubted beauty is 22-year-old Gina Keer. Letters poured in after the furore she caused in the press following her first nude photo set. This, we believe, is the only other set of Gina to reveal all of her fine 34B-25-35 figure, and it is little wonder when you see it that she is so greatly admired. But her first appearance was not so warmly welcomed in other quarters. In fact it caused a storm of protest that was picked up by the national press. The complainants were the Mayor and town council of Bournemouth, and their objection was that Gina had just been crowned as their beauty queen.

In fact the civic dignitaries were so shocked by the pictures, and the rather naughty and totally fictitious story that accompanied them, they insisted that Gina resign as Miss Bournemouth immediately. Soon afterwards she did, leaving the town to elect a new queen more in keeping with the resort's sedate image. She even donated her £150 fee to the RSPCA. But since that unfortunate interlude, her career has boomed.

Gina has become a top model working on film and TV as well as magazine and poster ads – you may remember her television commercials for sun beds and slimming aids. Naturally, she has little spare time, but when she finds a few moments Gina loves horse-riding, and dancing. She has also managed to master the art of windsurfing, even though it can be rather a chilly sport on the south coast. Gina, who once had a snake-charming act with her mother, is a naturist, and with members of her family used to go to a local sun club. More recently Gina has also been seen belly-dancing in a London Greek restaurant. She is far from being the tigress with boys that her last nude feature implied two years ago. 'In fact, it's quite the opposite,' she said. 'I'm really a kitten.'

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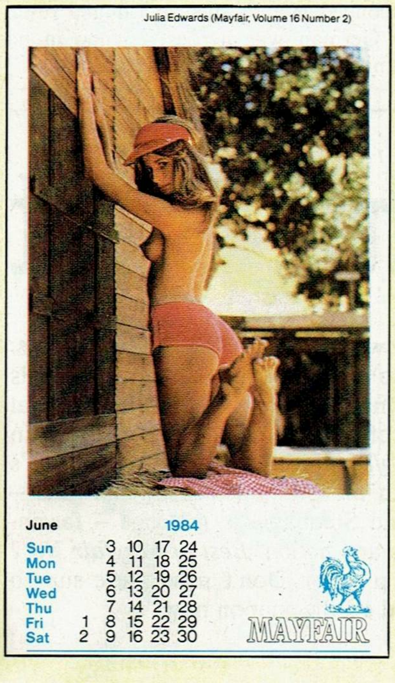
This is your first chance to order the brand new 1984 edition of the *Mayfair* calendar. As always we have combed our files to bring you a dozen of the most delightful dollies ever to appear in *Mayfair*, so it is little wonder that ours is Britain's biggest selling glamour calendar. It will be sent to you, discreetly packaged, for just £1.95. So order right now, and look forward to 1984



Julia Edwards (Mayfair, Volume 16 Number 2)

June 1984

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Or if you would rather take our girls out with you, send for our 1984 *Mayfair* diary. Stylishly slim with its month-at-a-glance format, it contains, in full colour, all the cuties from our calendar, and it will be sent to you for just £1.80

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Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

A police patrolman stopped a young lady who was driving very erratically in her open MG, and asked her to step out of the car.

When asked to produce her licence, the woman, who was wearing a cat-suit, dropped the zip to her waist showing that she had nothing on underneath. In taking the licence from an inside pocket she displayed her left breast.

The policeman then asked to see her insurance, which she took from her right inside pocket, and in doing so offered the policeman an ample view of her other breast.

On being asked for her MOT test certificate, she lowered the zip to her crotch, and in removing the document from a lower pocket, displayed the rest of her womanly charms.

Noticing the policeman's fixed gaze, and his fast developing bulge, the young woman asked, in a tone which would suggest she had had a little too much to drink: 'And now, officer, I suppose you'd like me to blow on that breathalyser you've got in your trousers.'

We have just heard from a reader who though hard of hearing still enjoys chatting up women. It might sound impossible but he says that if their jeans are tight enough, he can read their lips.

'Now then, my dear,' the amorous gynaecologist told the girl, as he helped her onto the examination table, and removed her panties. 'There's absolutely nothing at all to worry about.'

'Perhaps not,' said the nervous patient, 'but this will be the first time I've ever had a doctor look *up* my throat.'

The Jewish prostitute asked her Irish customer if he was satisfied with the service he had received. Rather angrily the Irish man replied, 'Not particularly. I thought all Jews were supposed to be tight.'

'Huh, you should complain,' replied the prostitute, 'I thought all Irish men were supposed to be thick.'

A learned theologian was asked what he believed to be the difference between heaven and hell.

'It is simple,' he replied. 'In heaven, the English are the policemen, the French are the cooks, the Italians are the lovers, the Swiss handle administration and the Germans are mechanics.'

'What about hell?' asked the eager student.

'Ah, in hell,' he continued, 'the English are the cooks, the French are the administrators, the Italians are the mechanics, the Swiss do the loving and the police are all German.'

How many contraceptives can you get from a car tyre?

About 365 in a Good Year.

A wealthy executive had been trying for some time to seduce his beautiful blonde secretary but she always spurned his advances. Then finally he hit on an idea she couldn't possibly resist. He walked into the office, threw an enormous wad of ten pound notes into her wastepaper bin, and said, 'My office in five minutes, with no clothes on, Sarah.'

Sarah duly turned up, and together they enjoyed a morning of frenzied passion. The next day, however, the secretary stormed into his office, obviously in a foul temper.

'Mr Gibbs, I'll have you know all those ten pound notes were counterfeit!'

'Of course they were,' replied the young executive coolly. 'Why do you think I threw them all away.'

A young chap and his new girlfriend were having a frank discussion about sexual matters when the girl started asking about his equipment.

'Tell me,' she asked, 'lots of guys have names for their organ. What do you call yours – Percy, Dick, John Thomas?'

'Oh, I don't call mine anything,' he replied. 'In proper circumstances, it comes without being called.'

The gorgeous blonde receptionist was filling out an application form for her first credit card. However, one question she found very puzzling: it said 'sex' and was accompanied by two boxes to tick, one marked 'M' the other 'F'.

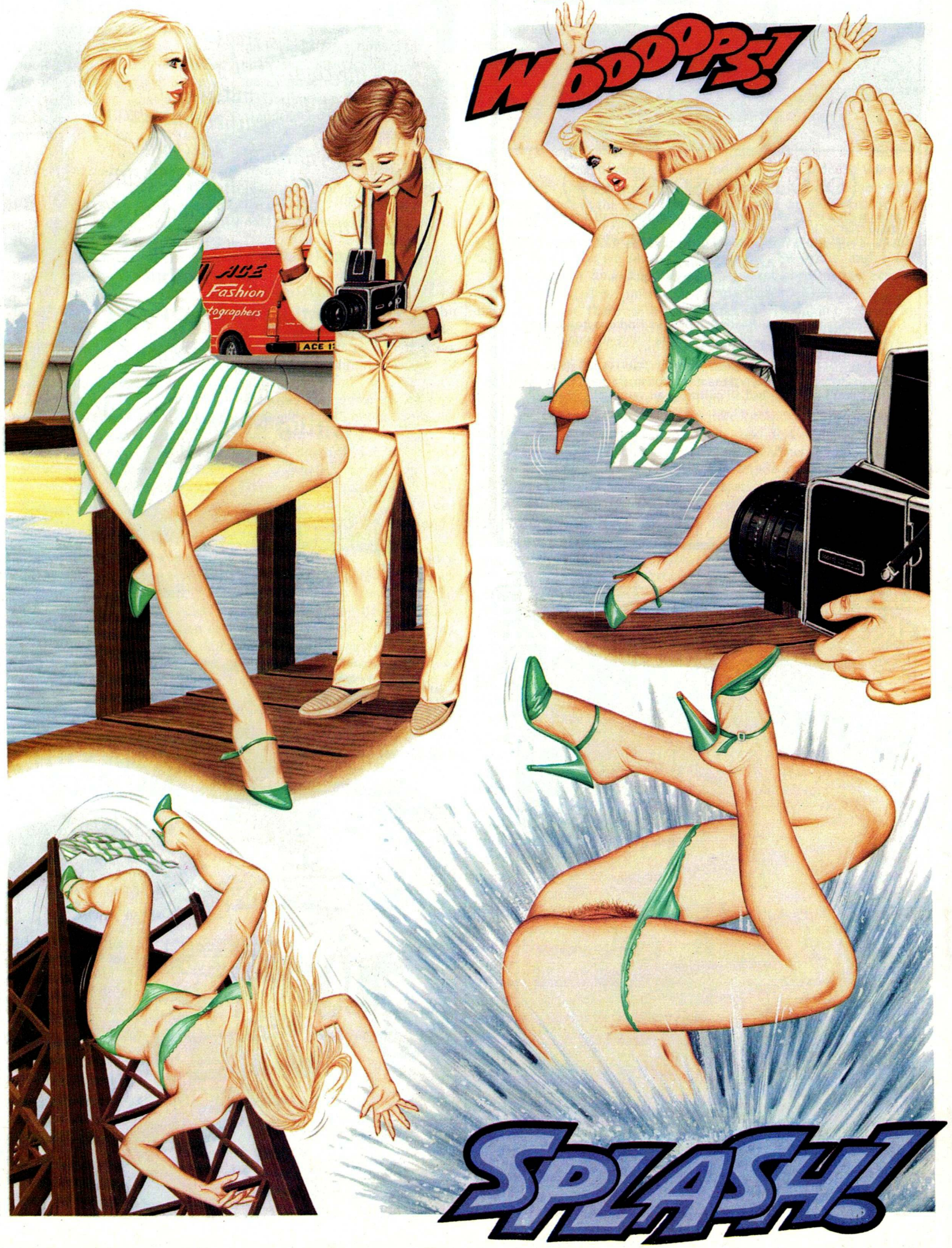
After a fair amount of deliberation she ticked the box marked 'F', but, after pausing for a moment's thought, also ticked the box marked 'M', and added in the margin 'but I haven't masturbated in the last six months.'

An illegitimate Frenchman called Ray
Was conceived on the Rue de la Paix.
You can find his old Ma
In any French bar,
But as for his Pa, je ne sais.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

CARRIE

Carrie's snapped up for glamour when she finds herself over-exposed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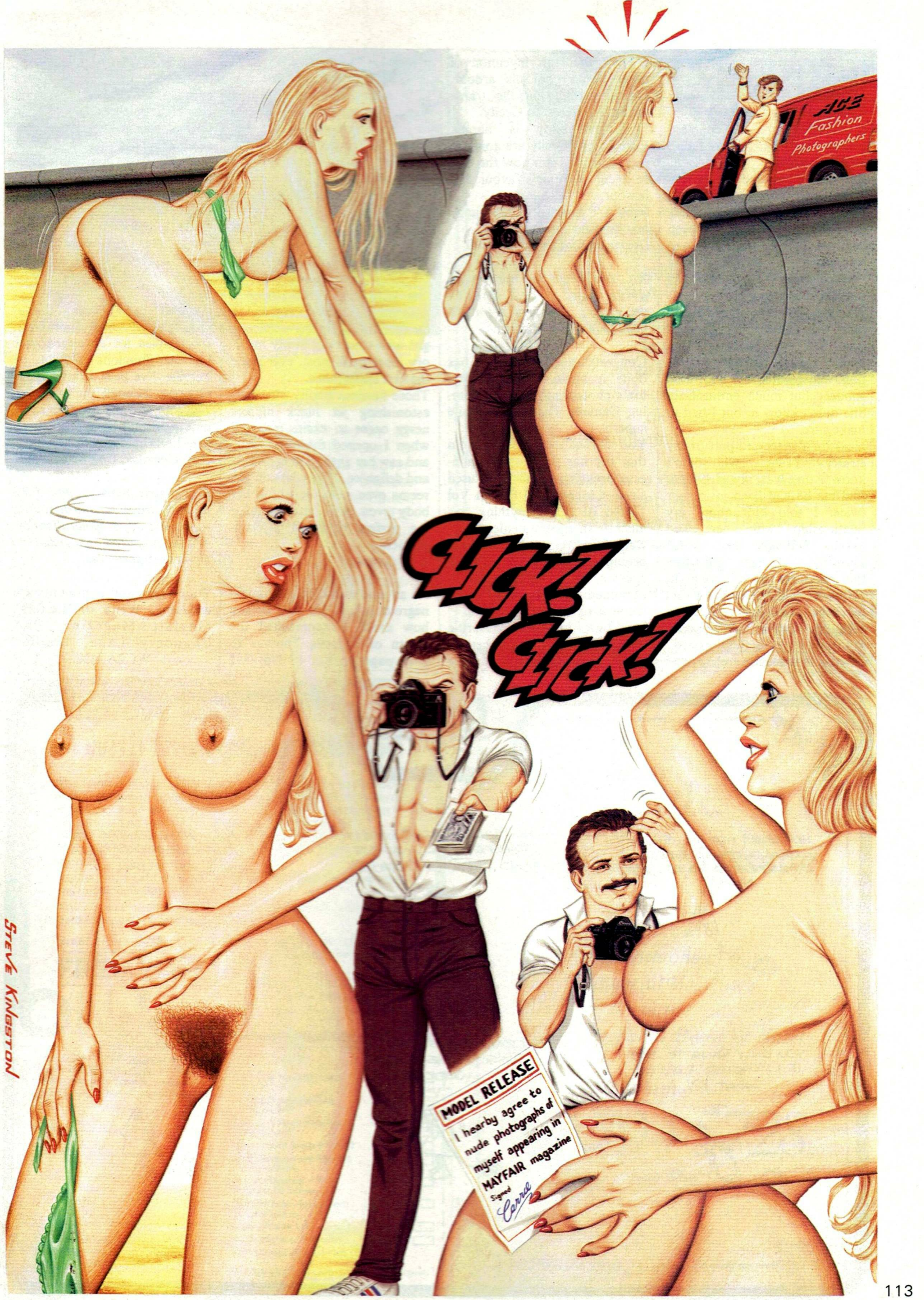
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Signed Carrie